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THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS ALICE.

THE general interest which has been expressed in the marriage of Princess ALICE proves once more the reality of that peculiarly English feeling which is commonly described as loyalty. The admirers of American republicanism are as zealous in their good wishes as the most ostentatious supporters of monarchical institutions. It is perfectly natural that the jealousy which attends aristocratical privileges should stop short of Royalty; for the hereditary splendour of the throne is inseparably associated with public functions, and it is habitually regarded as a type of national unity and greatness. The most ardent democrats scarcely desire that the QUEEN and her family should associate on equal terms with her subjects, and the social supremacy of the wearer of the crown has only been confirmed and increased by the gradual transference of direct political power to Parliament and its nominees. During the present reign, well-deserved personal esteem has renewed the sentiment which had survived the Regency. The whole community has sympathized with the QUEEN's prosperity, and with the one great sorrow of her life; and the popular regard which she has earned is willingly and hopefully extended to her children. It is seldom that, in early youth, even a Princess can have opportunities of making herself known beyond the circle of her family and friends; but Princess ALICE has already displayed the good sense, the strong feeling, and the practical judgment, which are at all ages among the best qualities of a woman. Youth has little difficulty in attracting good will, and all the world wishes well to a graceful and happy bride. The domestic joys and sorrows of the Royal Family are watched with a stronger interest, because they reproduce on a conspicuous stage the familiar events of ordinary life. A Princess is probably the ideal of every girl, and a marriage between the descendants of two great Royal Houses pleases the youthful imagination like the climax of a novel. The simple wedding of affection is, for different reasons, almost more popular, especially as there is nothing sordid or depressing in that kind of love in a cottage which is likely to be experienced by Royalty. Prince LOUIS of HESSE, the cadet of a Ducal family, will be welcomed as cordially in England as the heir of FREDERICK the GREAT.

It is highly convenient that Germany should still supply a stock of Protestant Princes and Princesses. The series of accidents by which the great nobles of the Empire were enabled to establish an independent rank has relieved England from the inconvenience which might have arisen from Royal intermarriages with subjects. Germans may consider that, as the Romans suffer for the good of the Church, they also, at the expense of national greatness, contribute to the advantage of a foreign country. It will be necessary, if Brunswick and Darmstadt are hereafter absorbed in a German Kingdom, that the personal or matrimonial rights of the mediatised Princes should be carefully reserved; for the greater part of Europe is unluckily subject to Roman Catholic rulers, and, except in Germany and Scandinavia, no suitable connexions can be found for the English Royal Family. If circumstances change, it will be necessary to modify existing customs, but for the present there is an obvious reason for preferring foreign marriages. It would be a serious evil if some noble families were to assume a superiority over those who are at present their equals; and, on the other hand, there would be some awkwardness in reducing Royal personages to an ordinary social level. The Royal Marriage Act has but an insignificant legal operation, for any descendant of GEORGE II. may marry at pleasure, on condition of complying with a few simple formalities. Experience has shown that the policy which it indicates is founded on forcible reasons, although it would be easy to devise general objections to any arbitrary restrictions on marriage. The whole system of constitutional Royalty is a singular

and unexpected result of complicated historical causes. As it has never been deliberately invented, it cannot properly be called artificial, and it thoroughly fits the mould in which it has been gradually formed. The highest possible dignity, combined with the smallest power of doing harm, leaves an English Sovereign at liberty to exercise enormous social powers, as well as a certain political influence.

The daughters of the Royal House will almost satisfy the national feeling on the easy condition of being happy in their homes. They have an admirable example to follow, with far less arduous duties to fulfil; and there can be little doubt that their character and conduct will do justice to the sedulous training which they have received. On the Heir of England a more difficult task will devolve; and he also has had a model before him which he will do well to copy. His father, with the disadvantages of foreign birth and of an exceptional position, contrived to find for himself a sphere of activity which no one else could have filled. Prince ALBERT was never thoroughly and generally popular until he had passed beyond the reach of appreciation or applause. The Prince of WALES will start with all the public favour which his birth and his youth ensure more certainly than the laborious services of a life. It is possible that there may be impediments and embarrassments in his way; and it is for the first of subjects and the future King to find the means of evading or removing the obstacles to his usefulness. The change which has taken place in the habits of all classes, as well as his own education and character, will preserve him against the vulgar vices of those who have borne the same title before him. Good feeling and sound judgment will probably also guard him from the temptation of assuming the antagonistic attitude which shocked general feeling when courtiers applauded the opposition of the Prince of WALES to GEORGE II. or GEORGE III. It will be the wish of the country that the Prince should assume a prominent position as the most confidential counsellor of the Crown. If a direct participation in State affairs is found to be impracticable, then will there be a wide field open to a patriotic ambition. No career worth pursuing is uniformly easy; and the perplexities of life are seldom precisely those which would have been chosen for solution. If the PRINCE CONSORT had excused himself for withdrawal from public affairs on the ground of the jealousy with which his interference was regarded, his apology might perhaps have been accepted, but his memory would not have been associated with the admiring regret of the nation. In his early youth, the Prince of WALES has always fulfilled with propriety and good taste the easy duties which have consisted chiefly in courteous behaviour. In a few months, he will be finally emancipated from direct control, and he will have the opportunity of showing that he is fit for something higher than the representation of the central figure in a Court pageant. Every ceremony which attracts special attention to the Royal Family directs the thoughts of political observers to the importance of maintaining the relations which have for a quarter of a century united the Crown with the nation. The perfect good faith and impartiality which have been displayed in all political transactions belong to the province of history. The sympathy which has attended the marriage of the Princess ALICE is rather a tribute to the household virtues which have secured to the QUEEN universal respect and esteem.

THE LEGITIMISTS AT LUCERNE.

THE meeting of the Legitimists at Lucerne is of about the same importance as the meeting of the Bishops at Rome. It shows how many excellent people cling to notions that the English public thinks antiquated, and how devoted may be the attachment to a cause which enlists in its favour the pride, the obstinacy, and the piety of man. No one who has prac-

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tically to govern can pretend to despise such manifestations. There is something imposing in the gathering together from the ends of the earth of Bishops of every European tongue and race, all come to shout as with one voice, Great is the temporal power of the Pope! Four thousand of the French nobility flocking to Lucerne, sleeping in steamboats, attending mass in the open air, and taking it by turns to come into the divine presence of HENRI V., serve at least to remind the world that the BOURBONS have now adherents who have learnt something and forgotten something—who have learnt to wait patiently, and have forgotten how many times the BOURBONS have thrown away their best chances. Practically, these clerical and lay demonstrations are two sides of the same thing; and Lucerne is the echo of the world to the voice of the Church at Rome. But the laymen have much the best of it in the way they have set to work, and in the temper they display. The pious dandies and their friends who strolled about Lucerne had probably the advantage of not knowing enough Latin to curse and swear in the ecclesiastical *patois*; and they have seen enough of real politics to be aware that, if they wish for a hearing, they must in some degree talk as the world talks. The programme of his party lately issued by the Count of CHAMBORD is a document creditable to him and his advisers, and offers a striking contrast to the greasy nonsense of the Allocution. He takes hold of a real grievance; he appeals to undeniable facts; and he offers sound practical advice. He asks his friends, and through them all mankind, to observe that the Empire has now lasted ten years—that it was founded on wrong and sealed with blood—that it has suppressed all liberty—that it tyrannizes on the largest and on the smallest scale, and that all its concessions are only delusive. This is to a great extent true. France has lost under LOUIS NAPOLEON all that it overthrew CHARLES X. in order to secure. When the Count speaks of constitutional liberty as if he alone sold the genuine article, we may smile at the Constitutionalism of Legitimists; but at any rate it would not be less valuable than the Constitutionalism of the Empire. France has been robbed of thought and freedom; and as it is the present business of the Count to damage and oppose the robber, he has a good start by letting it be understood what a very different sort of person he would be. Further, he directs his followers what to do at the present crisis. Hitherto, they have abstained from political action. They have not voted at elections. But now the danger of the Church is so pressing as to swallow up every other consideration. They may vote for candidates who they think are sound and trustworthy Catholics, and who will support the Pope at all hazards; but they are strongly warned against setting up candidates of their own. It is only in a quiet obscure way that the Legitimists are to take any part at all; but when they see that their votes are likely to turn an election in favour of a good Catholic, then they may come forward and secure so desirable an end.

Yet, however prudently they may behave, and however attractive a programme of the future they may put out, no one believes that the Legitimists are much nearer governing France. Between them and modern France there is a great gulf fixed. If the points on which the attention of Frenchmen is centered were points relating to the internal condition of France itself—if what the Count's countrymen wanted were greater liberty of speech, greater purity of elections, more local self-government—they might be tempted to look to him to give it them. But they are thinking of other things now. The questions that agitate them are questions on which they and the Legitimists are directly opposed. The Count adjures his partisans to stand by the principles of his party. The principles of his party are the divine right of kings to rule, of nobles to domineer over society, of the Church to direct every action of human life. There is none of these principles that does not offend every prejudice and every theory of the ordinary Frenchman. He believes that he and his friends, and not God, make the Emperor or the King that has the temporary use of the Tuilleries. He hates like poison the assumption of social superiority, and he likes to thwart priests and sneer at the Church until within about two hours before his death. Nor is this all. The Frenchman does take a sort of interest in great European questions, which is the poetry of his politics. He is, in general, stoutly on the side of what are called the oppressed nationalities, and on the side of whoever seeks to overturn the old absolutist thrones and leagues of Europe. The restoration of the BOURBONS would cut across all the sympathies which he hopes do him most honour. It would end the interference on behalf of Italians, and prevent all possible interference on behalf of distressed Poles, Hungarians, Bulgarians, and other shadows of the benevolent dreams of French-

men. It would place France at the feet of the Pope, and in the hands of a triumphant legion of priests. This would suit the great people who went to Lucerne, and the Bishops who went to Rome, and the families in France under the influence of one or the other, but it would be gall and wormwood to the ordinary revolution-making Frenchman.

The material interests of France also tell very heavily against the Count and his followers. If the Count were turned into a King, thousands of the most active, enterprising, and money-getting Frenchmen would see tribulation and ruin in the change. There would be schemes compromised in which they have embarked their capital, and on which they expect to find their fortune. During the last few years they have been pouring French capital and French skill into neighbouring countries, and especially into Spain and Italy. They have found a profitable field in these unworked regions of natural wealth. France has, in fact, made modern Spain. Two great French capitalists surveyed Spain, and parted out the land between them. All one side was to belong to one very eminent Jew, and all the other side was to belong to another. They entered on their portions, and began to dig and to build. Soon Spain saw wonders that passed all imagination. First came the spectacle of real energy; then the faint fluttering delight of beginning to feel rich; and lastly, the strange, dreamy, un-Spanish sensation of actual solvency. Spain has begun to show what her resources really are, and the French are the gleaners that wait on her harvest. In the same way, French capital and French enterprise are seizing on Italy. Ever since the Italians managed to persuade the world that there was such a country as Italy, and such a nation as the Italians, the French have thought it worth while to put money into this new branch of business. Every day some fresh scheme of French industry takes some little bit of Italy under its management. Yesterday it was the Southern railways that were pounced upon by French concessionaires. To-day it is an Italian Crédit Foncier that is to teach Italians how banking business is done in France, and how landlords may have everything made easy for them by a gigantic Joint-Stock Company. But all this castle of airy bricks would melt away if a fierce BOURBON sun rose to shine on it. With HENRI V. would come a reactionary struggle in Spain, and a great contest in Italy. The principles of his party, as the Count justly observes, are unbending and unalterable, and the principles of his party involve the return of Grand Dukes, and the restoration of ecclesiastical stagnation in Romagna, and a good pious decay in sea-ports, old towns, and country villages. It is impossible to have both the new and the old. The BOURBONS represent what is old, and, if the old gains strength, the new will dwindle before it. That the Kingdom of Italy would flourish with a jubilant Ministry of priests and nobles at the Tuilleries, is a vain imagination. Even if Italy could resist the pressure that would be put upon her, it would only be by engaging in a struggle so fierce and exhausting as to spoil all hopes of money-making for years to come.

In the long run, therefore, the Empire has not much to fear from the four thousand grand people at Lucerne. In that great game of chance which determines all French affairs, Legitimacy does not look like the winning card. Uncertain as Frenchmen proverbially are, they may probably be relied on not to choose a set of rulers who would mortify their most cherished feelings, and burn a hole in their pockets. But at the approaching elections the Legitimists are perhaps strong enough in Normandy, Brittany, and the South to return representatives who would embarrass the Government. This would have the effect of slightly increasing the minority who oppose the Address at the beginning of each session. But that would be all. And on the other hand, the Government would gain an important advantage from every Legitimist success. However prudently the friends of the Count of CHAMBORD may act, and however careful they may be not to put forward avowed Legitimists as candidates, it will henceforth be impossible to avoid the character of a direct struggle between the Empire and the Count whenever the Legitimists try to get their man in. Political action, on their part, must henceforth be taken as an effort to upset the system which their chief so bitterly attacks. The opposition is now, not between the French Liberals and the French Ultramontane, but between the Empire and the Restoration. To submit to the Papal party, to shrink before their demands, would now be a policy which the EMPEROR could only follow if he were prepared to abandon his attempts to found a dynasty. The existence of Napoleonism is to be involved in the issue whether the Pope is to do what he likes with his own or not. Perhaps the Count may be right in saying that his friends have now

nothing to gain by keeping quiet. If they cannot frighten the EMPEROR, they can do nothing. But they have now told him they are going to frighten him. They have challenged him to enter the lists, and we may be sure he will accept the challenge, more especially as he has nine points out of ten in his favour.

AMERICA.

THE Federal Americans and those who sympathize with their cause have for some weeks laboured under a singular delusion. They are constantly referring to some indefinite victories which are not known to have been won. From the beginning of the war, scarcely a success has been achieved out of reach of floating artillery; and during the last three months not a single combat or skirmish has terminated to the advantage of the Northern troops. The reports from the West appear to be even more scandalously inaccurate than the ordinary fabrications of the press or of the public offices. A few weeks since, BEAUREGARD was flying in disorder; General POPEN had taken 10,000 prisoners, and the whole Confederate loss varied from 20,000 to 30,000. The New York papers repeatedly declared that the war in the West was at an end, and that the hostile Government would not even attempt any longer to keep a regular army in the field. It is now stated that BEAUREGARD is at the head of 80,000 men; and the deserters and prisoners from his army have entirely disappeared. There is every reason to believe that he outgeneraled HALLECK in his unexpected retreat, after deluding him by reports which doubled the real strength of the Confederate army. It is said that the invaders intend to take a defensive position for the remainder of the summer, and probably this course would be the best which could be adopted if both belligerents were equally desirous of a practical armistice. At present, it is evident that the Confederates and their enemies cannot have a common interest, and it is probable that General HALLECK's communications will be threatened and disturbed by incessant attacks, as soon as he retires into summer quarters. Further to the South, there are rumours of a Confederate victory at Baton Rouge, but it is difficult to believe that, even if the Southern troops should gain a victory, they can recapture New Orleans under the guns of the hostile flotilla. The loss of the Mississippi is apparently irrecoverable, although some of the forts on its banks still continue their resistance.

The progress or condition of the campaign in Virginia is somewhat better understood than the remote operations in the West. M'CLELLAN is at the head of an efficient army, admirably supplied with all the material of war, and he may possibly only be pausing to render his victory certain. In the meantime, he is encamped on the swampy banks of the Chickahominy in the middle of a Southern summer. The Confederates at Richmond are to a certain extent at home, with roofs over their heads, and with the conveniences which are to be found in a considerable town. Delay must serve the purpose of the party which stands on the defensive, and the object of continuing the war into the hot season has been already attained. If the general attack has not been made by the end of June, it may probably not take place during the present campaign. General MACDOWELL, with a large force of good troops, has lately joined M'CLELLAN, and probably the junction may have repaired the heavy losses which the Federal army has suffered. The battle of Fair Oaks alone cost the Northern troops 10,000 men, and well-contested engagements at West Point and at Williamsburg must have largely reduced the strength of the army. The losses by illness must be larger, and the pressure on the hospitals is likely to increase as the effect of the hot weather is more generally felt. It is believed that the Confederates are receiving large reinforcements, and it is not even impossible that a contingent may have been despatched from BEAUREGARD's army, which is out of reach of immediate attack. The Government at Washington appears for the time to have come to the end of its available reserves, although there will be no want of raw recruits to supply the ranks of the army. Complaints are made of the difficulty of filling up the navy, but a large proportion of landsmen may safely be employed on the inland waters. If trained marines are required, there is reason to fear that, as of old, English seamen may be tempted by the offer of high wages and booty. It is not surprising that the thrifty fishermen of New England prefer their own more profitable occupations to the service of the Government.

The numbers of the Confederate army at Richmond are probably overstated; and after the great exertions which have

been previously made, it seems hardly possible that 200,000 men can have been collected for the defence of the capital. With so considerable a force, it would be practicable, at the same time to keep M'CLELLAN in check, and to enable JACKSON once more to open the way to the Potowmac. Since General MACDOWELL has joined the main army, no competent Federal commander remains in Northern Virginia. FREMONT and BANKS are evidently unequal to a contest with JACKSON, and their troops must be dispirited by a constant succession of defeats. When partially disciplined armies are contending, defence is always found to be easier than attack. It would also seem that the Confederates retain the advantage which they enjoyed from the first, of a larger supply of regular officers. If the war proceeds, both belligerents will learn their business, and by the time that America is entirely ruined, half its population will consist of veteran soldiers. On the Northern side, the proportion of Irishmen and Germans is likely to increase, as the more prosperous native population becomes tired of military service. The Confederates are more deeply interested in the struggle, and the humbler classes can better be spared for military service when the ordinary labours of the field are performed by a subject and unarmed race. The wonderful energy which has been displayed both in the North and in the South has at the same time exceeded and confirmed European anticipation. At the commencement of the war, it was never supposed that the Federal States would equip and maintain a regular army of 600,000 men; and if the greatness of their efforts could have been foreseen, all resistance on the part of the South might well have appeared hopeless. Experience has shown that the ultimate result of the struggle is not likely to be affected by its dimensions. Without a coast line, or a natural centre of operations, the Confederates fight their enemy on equal terms, and their Government is sufficiently vigorous and popular to enforce a conscription after a year of unprecedented sacrifices and sufferings.

It has generally been supposed that hostilities must languish during the hot months, and, if Richmond is taken, the Federal army may safely repose after its victory. In the opposite event, it will be impossible for M'CLELLAN to remain from June to October in the presence of the enemy. The withdrawal of the invading force might, with the aid of gun-boats, probably be effected in safety; but the return of the main army of the Potowmac to Washington, in acknowledged defeat, would produce a strong impression both in the North and in foreign countries. If the Confederates could resume the former limits of their dominion, they might confidently anticipate early recognition. At present, England and France, even if they were otherwise disposed to acknowledge the existence of the Seceding States, would scarcely know whom they were to recognise. Kentucky and Maryland are still a part of the United States, and the greater part of Tennessee is still held by the Federal armies. Western Virginia has revolted from the State to which it belongs, and the Eastern districts are now the scene of the decisive contest. Nevertheless, M'CLELLAN's retreat might have important political consequences.

According to the rules of interpretation which late experience has sanctioned, the report of a bloody battle near Charleston, with heavy loss on both sides, means that the Federal troops have been defeated. It is not unlikely that a desperate effort may have been made to take the obnoxious city before the 4th of July; but notwithstanding the rumours of alarm supposed to be felt in Charleston itself, the resonant stump will not this year echo the boast of complete revenge for the capture of Fort Sumter. It is possible that the untoward or balanced fortune of the campaign may enable the calmer class of politicians at last to obtain a hearing for pacific counsels. The unanimity of the North merely implies the indisposition of the minority to incur unnecessary discredit by opposing the dominant opinion. Among the intelligent population of the Federal States there are some who have read and thought, and perhaps there are a few who can calculate. The Abolitionists, who wish to prosecute the war to extremity, are still insignificant in number, notwithstanding their growing influence. The Democrats and the moderate Republicans would gladly restore the Union, but those among them who are capable of reasoning and observing know that they are only fighting for terms of peace, and especially for an advantageous frontier. The Confederates at present loudly denounce any project of compromise which the North could fairly be expected to accept; but it is not to be supposed that they are really insensible to their own sufferings and losses. The restoration of commerce, the abolition of the conscription,

and the undisturbed possession of their menaced property, would furnish an equivalent for many concessions. It is certain that they will refuse to re-enter the Union, but a perpetual alliance might be negotiated on conditions which would almost amount to a Federal connexion with the South. If it were once determined to make peace, the mediation of European Powers would smooth many difficulties by satisfying or obviating the jealous susceptibilities of both parties.

MINISTERIAL MUDLARKS.

LORD PALMERSTON'S Government, on the whole, may claim a high rank among Governments for the position which is occupied by its individual members in public estimation. It is adorned by administrators of great energy, orators of surpassing power, statesmen of tried sagacity. But there are pickles and ne'er-do-wells in every large family; and it is not to be wondered at that, in the ample quiver with which Lord PALMERSTON's official life has been blessed, two or three peculiarly feather-headed arrows should be found. Some children are born with an ineradicable taste for dirt. They will seek after it where no ordinary ingenuity would expect to find it; and they will select it where there is nothing but its dirtiness to attract them. They prefer the dirty gutter to the clean stream; and they would rather climb over into the pig-sty than commit any other kind of illicit escalade. It is Lord PALMERSTON's misfortune—a sorrow in which the whole nation sympathizes with him—to number three or four of these incurable mudlarks among his official offspring. In busy years their antics pass unnoticed. No one turns aside to look at them when there is serious business to transact. But during the session which is now drawing to a close, the House of Commons has had no other occupation than to watch their monkey tricks, and amuse itself with the embarrassment of their adroit and worthy parent. It is happy for such a set that, in their case, the cares of paternity fall to the lot of Lord PALMERSTON. They would hardly find again a guardian so agile in picking them out of the mud into which they are continually tumbling, so dexterous in rubbing it off their reputations, or so good-humouredly forgiving when it is done. The patience which he has displayed during the present session alone would have earned him a niche in the calendar in mediæval times. They vie with each other in getting themselves besmeared. No sooner is one of them clean than another is in a mess. At the beginning of the session, there was Sir ROBERT PEEL industriously engaged in pitching the filthiest mud that he could find at some Irish playfellows, and naturally receiving a liberal bespattering in return. Of course Lord PALMERSTON flew to his rescue, and did his best to help him out of the fray. But no sooner were his garments mended up and cleaned from the effects of the volleys which he had drawn upon himself, than a cry of distress from behind called away the attention of his indefatigable guardian. There was Mr. LOWE engaged in a similar exchange of dirt missiles with all the schoolmasters and schoolmanagers in the kingdom. It was no easy matter to restore the pristine spotlessness of his apparel. The dirt had been well thrown, and it had stuck. The operation of cleansing in this case was so arduous that the offender received a stern admonition from his usually indulgent parent. But hardly was this labour concluded, when, before he could well tell what was going to happen, there was Mr. LAYARD with another Irishman rolling in the gutter. To pick him up and send him to bed to dry himself was the work of a moment. But this was not the end of the poor old gentleman's troubles. A cry of distress from yet another quarter reached his ears. He rushed to the place from which it issued, and there he found Mr. W. COWPER, his favourite scapegrace, his pet pickle among them all, in a terrible scrape, having been detected, not in throwing mud at others—for that was a proceeding to which his courage seemed unequal—but in collecting mud and supplying it in large handfuls to a very big boy of his acquaintance, who was not afraid to throw it and take the consequences. The unfortunate mudlark had been caught in the act, and was receiving in return a pelting from which it is not supposed that he will recover for a considerable length of time.

There must be some consolation to Lord PALMERSTON in the number of his incorrigible favourites. If there were only one of them, his colleagues might press upon him to get rid of that one for the sake of the stability of the Government. But the dismissal of four might look like a break-up of the Government. And to make a selection from among them would be impossible. Each artist has his peculiar beauties. Each makes enemies in some special manner of his own. Mr. LOWE and Sir ROBERT PEEL are alike in this—

that they disdain smaller quarrels, and give battle to whole sections of the community at once. But there is a difference of touch even between these two great disciples of the same school. Mr. LOWE gets up his quarrels by telling disagreeable truths. But Sir ROBERT PEEL appears to think that there is something approaching to sacrilege in using mere plain facts for such a purpose. Accordingly, he attains the same object quite as effectually by drawing upon his imagination. Mr. LAYARD works more simply, by merely pitching some unpleasant adjective, of which he has an ample store, in his opponent's face. Mr. COWPER's method is entirely his own, and one that cannot as yet be recommended for imitation. He has all the pain, and none of the pleasure of a row. He exposes himself to Mr. HORSMAN's pitiless scalping-knife, without even first enjoying the gratification of saying anything smart or bitter of his own. He contrives to offend people in tones of the utmost gentleness, and in language of the most perfect courtesy. His strength lies in documents. He withholds papers on various pretexts—though he knows that he will have to give them up at last—until his motives in giving or refusing them are equally suspected. He puts resolutions passed by his Committee into his pocket, in order to save time; and somehow or other the result is that the said resolutions are altogether lost sight of, until they are forced out of that pocket again by pressure applied in the House of Commons. He enters into a secret correspondence with a public writer who is engaged in fiercely reviling his Committee; and then contrives to misdirect his letters, so as to be detected in the act of furnishing him with information. Now, this is gratuitous mudlarking. If Sir ROBERT PEEL gets into trouble, he has at least had the gratification for his pains of calling the O'DONOGHOA "mannikin traitor." Mr. LAYARD tasted the inexpressible enjoyment of calling Mr. MAGUIRE "such a man," before he was forced by a solemn decision of the House to retract the words, and call him "such a quarter" instead. Mr. LOWE brought back a still more solid recompense from his excursion into the mud. Many hard names were thrown at him, and many, by reason of their suitability, tenaciously adhered to him; but he had the pleasure of mulcting those who threw them of half the State aid they had previously received. For the sake of inflicting such a revenge as that, it is worth while to encounter a few shovels of dirt. But Mr. COWPER can console himself with none of these consolations. Except a few mild sarcasms directed against Mr. F. HIGGINS, Mr. COWPER has had the pleasure of damaging nobody but himself. He has left a stain on no character except his own. By way of compensation, however, he carries away upon his own back a much larger mass of dirt than has fallen to the lot of any even of his most bespattered colleagues. It is not every day that people discover a live Minister in secret correspondence with a live journalist upon matters on which the Minister is bound to be discreet, if not absolutely neutral. But when the journalist is at the time engaged in a series of attacks against the majority of a Committee of which the Minister is or has been Chairman, the case shows quite a unique talent for the discovery of very dirty puddles. The Chairman of a Committee is supposed to be bound to a certain amount of impartiality; and his intercourse with his Committee is supposed to be confidential and unrestrained. Probably, the Committee did not guess that while they were familiarly discussing the thorny questions submitted to them, their Chairman was preparing the materials for a fierce philippic that was to burst upon them some few days later. The discovery was a most distressing accident. No doubt Lord PALMERSTON has heartily cursed the awkwardness of his stepson in contriving to forget the initials of his clandestine correspondent. But if Lord PALMERSTON will have an underground communication with "influential journals," these misadventures will occasionally happen. A Minister with Mr. COWPER's aptitude for getting into a mess ought not to be exposed to the temptation of presiding over the Board of Works. His general mode of dealing with documents is apt to shock the prejudices of a great number of hostile critics, under whose scrutiny his proceedings are constantly passing. He had much better take some quieter and less important post. He has served many offices already; it is a pity he does not try his hand at the Secretaryship of State for India, or the First Lordship of the Admiralty. Previous training is immaterial, or he would not now be in his present office. But they are the only offices in which he can commit, without danger, the brick and mortar extravagances to which he is prone, and conduct as many mysterious intrigues as may suit his interest or his taste.

FRANCE AND MEXICO.

AMERICAN politicians are amusing themselves by prognostications that the Emperor of the FRENCH will abandon his Mexican enterprise, and that he will then proceed to avenge himself on England for leading him into a scrape and afterwards deserting him in his need. It required little knowledge of French character to justify the opposite belief that, after the check sustained by General LORENCEZ, peace will only be signed in the capital. M. FAVRE argued forcibly against the policy of the expedition, but the Legislative Body for once represented the national opinion when it concurred with M. BILLAULT in the necessity of prosecuting the war. The honour of the flag is dearer to the French than any consideration of policy or even of justice, and it scarcely befits Englishmen to criticize an obliquity of judgment which would probably, in a similar case, be shared by themselves. The second march to Cabul was dictated, not by a conviction that the Afghan war had been well-advised, but by a determination to vindicate, after a great disaster, the permanent superiority of English arms. France might, perhaps, afford to disregard an accidental Mexican success, especially as it appears that in a subsequent skirmish the native troops have suffered a defeat; but the Imperial Government is not disposed to acquiesce in a partial failure, and, sooner or later, it will undoubtedly succeed in taking possession of the city of Mexico. M. FAVRE aptly compared the alliance with ALMONTE and other local malcontents to the cooperation of BRUNSWICK and COBURG with the emigrants of the Revolution. As a general rule, true patriots unite against foreign invaders, although the re-establishment of their own political principles may be the professed object of the war. CONDÉ and his followers committed a grave error in 1792, but there is a wide difference between Mexico and France. The susceptibilities of the bandit leaders who have alternately ruled and robbed their countrymen are not refined to the perfection of modern European theories. The French have, in fact, succeeded in getting up a civil war in Mexico, and if their traitorous confederates prove to be the stronger, no one will call their reliance on the foreigner treason. Two or three centuries ago, rebels against the Government, even in France, allied themselves as a matter of course with the enemy of their Sovereign and their country. The GUISES, who are still popular heroes, were in the pay of PHILIP II., and the greatest of the CONDÉS, at one period of his life, fought openly under the banner of Spain. ALMONTE and MARQUEZ, if they are sufficiently versed in history, may find other respectable precedents for their union with General LORENCEZ.

The object of retrieving the check sustained at Guadalupe is perfectly intelligible, and the Emperor NAPOLEON has now the opportunity of reconsidering the general policy of the enterprise. When General FOREY has taken possession of Mexico, he may be ordered to retrace his steps, as General POLLOCK was recalled within the Indian frontier as soon as he had hoisted the English flag in Cabul. SHAH SOOJAH, who is represented in Mexico by General ALMONTE, was quietly dropped when it was found that the maintenance of an intrusive dynasty would cost more than it was worth. The Archduke MAXIMILIAN, who, in another sense, may be compared to the English pretender to the Afghan throne, has already withdrawn his claims. M. BILLAULT perhaps indicates a change in the Imperial policy when he announces that the choice of the Mexicans will be respected whether it approves a monarchy or a republic. It seems that even JUAREZ, who is not yet sufficiently legitimate to be treated with, may prove a regular title to power if he succeeds in an appeal to the people. It is evident that no temporary occupation by foreign troops can restore or create public order in Mexico, and all the expense of the expedition will have been wasted as soon as it comes to an end, whether the ruling faction of the day calls itself Clerical or Liberal. If JUAREZ is forcibly driven from power, he in turn may appeal to foreign support, and when the Americans are at leisure, they will not be unwilling to assist nominal Republicans in overthrowing the pretended Conservatives who may be set up by the present invader. If any excuse had been required for the refusal of England to engage in a useless crusade, the project of recurring in Mexico to the trick of universal suffrage would alone have furnished a sufficient reason against cooperation. It seems that, as soon as the capital is taken, the absurd device of the ballot-box is once more to be applied to the purpose of carrying out the determination of the EMPEROR. It is the duty of the English Government to protest, on every fit occasion, against the most dangerously impudent innovation which has

ever been introduced into international law. It is the affair of Frenchmen that they choose to submit to the fraudulent vote of a numerical majority which has, once for all, given away all public liberties in a mass; but the introduction of the system into international transactions is a matter of universal concern. Lord RUSSELL properly treated the so-called *Plebiscite* of Tuscany and Naples with contempt, and the indignation aroused by the seizure of Savoy and Nice, was only increased by the hypocritical form of a popular vote. In all these cases, the opinion of the multitude was for the first time asked on a question which had been previously decided. The President of the Republic, in 1851, took military possession of the Government, before he required a vote in favour of the despotism which he had already established. No alternative but an unintelligible negative is ever offered to the nation which is supposed to decide its destinies. The Italian Government had signed away Savoy and Nice before the ballot-boxes were opened, and FRANCIS II. was already expelled, when the Neapolitans were allowed to vote for the new system which had been imposed upon them from without. As no change in Mexico can be for the worse, it matters little what form of Government may be selected by the foreign conqueror. It is only important that the new system, although it may be recognised in fact, should not be supposed to rest on a false and fraudulent basis.

The ostentatious liberality of an appeal to the majority of the people can deceive only the shallowest reasoners. Foreigners have no business to decide questions of right, and it is absurd to pretend that universal suffrage forms the only lawful basis of supreme power. A Government which exists must be assumed to have a sufficient title, and every community has a right to repudiate the supremacy of those of its members who are least qualified to exercise political functions. Even in America, where the majority exercises legal sovereignty, it has never been supposed that the multitude has a right to vote away its own privileges, or to supersede the Constitution. If a King can maintain himself in Mexico, he may properly be recognised by foreign Governments; but he will have been placed on the throne, not by a majority of votes, but by some power which was practically sufficient for the purpose. If the French were right in declaring that the Government of JUAREZ was too anarchical to be treated with, they would certainly not be justified in changing their opinion because a majority of votes had ratified the appointment of the President. JUAREZ would govern the country neither better nor worse after a successful appeal to the ballot. According to all precedent, he would propound the simple issue whether he should remain in power or not. Before a rival has the opportunity of asking the same question, he must have contrived to answer it in practice by occupying the seat which he may afterwards owe to universal suffrage. The only excuse for a promiscuous vote in Mexico will be furnished by the pretext which it may afford for the withdrawal of the French army, and the final abandonment of the policy which it represents.

The Emperor NAPOLEON has brought himself into an untoward dilemma between doing nothing and engaging in an interminable and costly undertaking. If he retires from Mexico, he will have wasted all the expense which has been incurred; and if he holds it either as a French dependency, or as a protected monarchy, he must be prepared to double his national debt. English politicians can scarcely be charged with a want of generosity if they regard with complacency a deliberate waste of the resources of a rival. They are only bound to express their judgment openly, with the advantage of being perfectly reconciled beforehand to the consequences which may follow the rejection of their advice. The experiment of French meddling with alien matters can never be tried on a more worthless subject. Mexico has contributed so little to the benefit of the world that it may fitly be employed as a drain or conductor for unemployed ambition. It may be thought that there is little glory to be got there; but the windy deity of military vanity is perfectly welcome to disport himself on that remote theatre of valour. It is highly fortunate that England was not bound in honour to protest against an enterprise which she has so little interest in opposing. The Northern Americans will be disappointed in their hope of a quarrel between England and France, although some French journalists are naturally angry with their natural enemies for offering no resistance to the Imperial project. NAPOLEON III. at least deserves some credit for discerning the emptiness of the American claim to exclude European interference from the Western hemisphere. Scarcely a whisper is heard to censure the French scheme of overthrowing the Mexican Republic.

THE BALLOT.

ON Wednesday morning last was performed, for the twenty-second time, by Her Majesty's faithful Commons, the once popular farce of the Ballot. On the 26th of April, 1833, this piece was first introduced by Mr. GROTE to a crowded audience on the Westminster boards, and for three years had a tolerably successful run. From some unexplained cause, whether in consequence of difficulties in getting up the *mise en scène*, or of the indifference of the public, an interval occurred between 1839 and 1842, during which the annals of Parliament furnish no record of a debate or a division on the Ballot. In the latter year, Mr. WARD furbished up the rusty weapons found in Mr. GROTE's armoury. Ejected tenants and despotic landlords were again paraded before a sympathising House of Commons. Ruined artisans and frightened ten-pounders, driven from house and home and invested with the full miseries of martyrdom, were again contrasted with feudal Sybarites driving retainers to the poll, and combining all the revolting attributes of GUY Earl of Warwick and SARDANAPALUS.

On that occasion, however, the performance did not take quite so well. Even those whom the philosophical arguments of Mr. GROTE had considerably influenced, and who had reluctantly accepted his unpalatable specific for admitted evils, were constrained to admit that ten years' civilization had not been without its effect on the mutual relations of landlord and tenant, of employer and employed. They could not but see that public opinion had, in fact, accomplished in great measure the end which Mr. GROTE sought to attain by theoretic legislation—that a time had arrived when, under the batteries of a vigilant press and the well-directed fire of public opinion, it would require more courage to intimidate than to resist intimidation. In the meantime, those who from the first had either abhorred the ballot as "un-English," or had despised it as a contemptible piece of political quackery, were not likely to have been converted by the experience of passing events in other nations. And so it came to pass that the reproduction of Mr. GROTE's entertainment under the new management of Mr. WARD was attended with very indifferent success. On the 18th of June, 1839, Mr. GROTE had counted 216 "Ayes" in his division. On the 21st of the same month in 1842, Mr. WARD could only persuade 157 gentlemen to follow him into the lobby; and after one season's failure, he very judiciously abandoned the cause altogether, and took to what then seemed a more popular and hopeful enterprise—capsizing the Irish Church. For six years again there was nobody to back the good horse "Ballot," and no jockey to ride him. Nor did he re-appear till the 8th of August, 1848, when Mr. BERKELEY first mounted the hobby which he has since annually trotted out, session after session, for fifteen years. In 1848, by a dexterous manœuvre not unlike in its results to that which was successfully repeated a month ago, a division was snapped when half the House of Commons was gone off to the Moors, and leave was given to bring in the Bill, by a majority of five, the numbers being 86 "Ayes" to 81 "Noes." A victory so barren of consequences as not even to have been followed up by a first reading of the Bill, was precisely the sort of success most calculated to stimulate the well-affected ardour of that class of politicians, in and out of Parliament, who then particularly needed a hustings topic which, being warranted to lead to no practical results, might serve its purpose indefinitely. That its advocates had no faith in it, and intended to drop it altogether if chance threw them into office, was rather an advantage than otherwise, because, like Mr. TADPOLE's cry of "the Church in danger," it practically meant nothing, and "would not interfere with business" when their turn came. Accordingly, they set to work in so business-like a way that for a time people really thought they were in earnest. Sustained by all the orthodox machinery of modern agitation, stimulated by all the most approved appliances of modern propagandism—paid secretaries, tract-mongers, petition-manufacturers, and the like—Mr. BERKELEY has industriously worked away session after session, for fifteen years, and has contrived to keep up the appearance of faith in a political crotchet in which it would be an insult to any man of ordinary intelligence to suppose that he believed.

The performance (for it cannot be called a debate) of Wednesday last presented no novelties. The same stale jokes, the same clumsily invented anecdotes which have annually done duty for twenty years past, were again retailed to a wearied House of Commons; and, after an interval of contemptuous silence, broken only by a few short

sentences which the general and business-like aspirations for a division rendered very ineffective, the Ballot Bill of 1862 was negatived on a division by a majority of nearly two to one, and gathered to its fathers in the waste-paper basket of abortive legislation. Without violating the good rule *de mortuis*, it may be permitted to remark of this defunct Bill, which contained seventeen clauses with all sorts of contrivances for the protection of the British voter, that those of its supporters who made themselves heard disclaimed altogether any notion that their own constituents wanted protection. The people of Southwark, for instance, we were told, understood too well the relations between labourer and capitalist to need any guarantee against intimidation, which, as their representative assures us, has no existence whatever in that enlightened borough. It is for the "public at large"—meaning thereby that portion of mankind of whose wishes and opinions these ballot-mongers have evidently a very hazy knowledge—that the "inner rooms" and "separate compartments," and all the machinery of secrecy provided by this Bill, were so stoutly demanded. An architect about to build a pawnbroker's shop might probably find some useful hints in constructing the mysterious avenues to the establishment, in the clauses of this Ballot Bill, which has already served its legitimate purpose in enabling 126 members of Parliament to redeem their pledges, and, as they hope, retain their seats.

By common consent, all serious discussion on the Ballot is at an end. If history could afford, as it cannot, examples of other States in which secret voting has cured political corruption, or averted political decay—if France, America, and Australia did not furnish, as they do, warnings against experimental legislation in this direction—the Parliament of Great Britain might fairly resist an innovation which, while it would relieve electors from all responsibility to the unenfranchised millions whose trustees they are, would leave on the shoulders of representatives an undiminished accountability to their irresponsible constituents. But the fact is, the question as it stands depends neither on history nor on argument. The Ballot is not a question in which either constituencies or representatives have the slightest interest. There may be, here and there, a grocer or a tenant farmer whom the tract-mongers of the Basinghall-street Missionary Society have convinced that he is in intolerable bondage; but it would be an exaggerated estimate to suppose that a dozen intelligent men in or out of Parliament believe in the Ballot as a political specific, or regard it in any other light than as a convenient item for electioneering clap-trap. The real secret of the success, such as it is, of these organized impostures which everybody despises, lies not so much in the resolute pertinacity of a handful of bigots and visionaries, as in the timid submission of candidates on the hustings to the dictation of coteries whose insolence is usually inversely proportioned to their power. So long as there are to be found a certain number of gentlemen ambitious of senatorial honours at any price, ready to bolt any pledges, theological or political—content to represent, in fact, nothing but cant, bank-notes, and strong beer—so long may the member for Bristol count on a numerically respectable following into the lobby of the House of Commons. A metropolitan office, with a clever well-paid Secretary, is all that is wanted to get up a Parliamentary agitation warranted to last as long as the Secretary's salary. A "Brass Button Society," the object of which should be to induce all members of Parliament to follow Mr. BERKELEY's fashion and to appear in his costume, would be quite as sure to succeed as the Ballot Society. And if the provincial machinery were well worked, the certain result would be a brilliant eruption of brass buttons on the hustings at the next general election.

The present question, however, is not how to aggravate existing nuisances, but how to diminish, and if possible get rid of them. And the only feasible plan in this direction which now suggests itself is, that the Ballot Society, which is evidently a losing concern, should shut up shop, sell their plant, pay off their clerks, and devote whatever balance may remain at their bankers to that most fashionable of all purposes—a memorial to their hero. Let them wind up their ballot-worship by the erection of a statue in some material as lasting at least as brass, which shall faithfully represent to present and future generations the Honourable FRANCIS HENRY FITZ-HARDINGE BERKELEY, M.P., the distinguished senator who has done his little utmost, at the sacrifice of personal reputation, to promote for fifteen years the hypocrisy and insincerity of Parliament.

PRIZE SHOOTING.

THE recurrence of any periodical festival is always a pleasant thing to see, when each year exhibits increasing vigour and animation in place of the decay which is certain to attend every misconceived attempt to establish a new institution. Half the satisfaction of the Derby-day is derived from the feeling that it is an old settled affair that nothing can dislodge; and now, in its third year, we may say almost as much about the Wimbledon gathering. The vitality of the scheme would alone be its sufficient recommendation, even if it were not, as it undoubtedly is, the very key-stone of the Volunteer army. A multitude of little signs prove that we are not wrong in speaking with so much confidence of the permanent success of these rifle meetings. Compare one year with another, and you see no fitful or experimental changes; and still less is there anything like stagnation and immobility. The general programme remains the same, but details are improved, candidates are more numerous, prizes are more abundant, and the six days, which seemed excessive on the first occasion, have been prolonged to twelve. The QUEEN'S PRIZE, and the other main attractions, remain as of old to connect the traditions of one year with the promise of the next. The cordial encouragement given by the late PRINCE CONSORT is preserved fresh in the memory of all by the judicious establishment of a contest honoured by his name, under the conditions which he prescribed for the competition for his munificent gift. The alterations which have been introduced are all typical of natural growth, and not of capricious innovation; and we may feel as sure as we can be of anything which depends on popular favour, that the naturalization of the rifle, which was the grand object for which the Association was formed, is already secured, and is in course of steady development as time goes on.

All the significance of this has not, perhaps, been fully recognised by those who have doubted of the permanence of the Volunteer movement. A force which may capriciously dissolve itself at a fortnight's notice might well be thought precarious if it depended entirely on the stimulus of danger from abroad, or on the tenacity of purpose which some Englishmen possess and all boast of. But a national habit, and above all a national pastime, is a thing which defies time and circumstance. The most dove-like demeanour on the part of our best recruiting sergeant, the Emperor of the FRENCH, will no more extinguish the love of rifle shooting than the taste for cricket or boating. Even if there were less real satisfaction and excitement than is found in the competition of first-rate shots, we should not doubt of the constancy with which the pursuit would be followed. What can be less congruous with modern life and improved agriculture than fox-hunting? Essentially the sport of a half-civilized age, it has been refined up to a point which, until these days of wealth and skill, was never dreamed of. Men like the late ASSHETON SMITH lived for it. Fabulous sums are spent in preserving foxes and producing a breed of dogs as perfect in their way as the horses that run at Epsom and Newmarket. To those who reason about it without trying or enjoying it, the elaborate and costly apparatus devised for the destruction of a race of mischievous animals, preserved with the utmost difficulty and pains, seems one of the most monstrous absurdities in the world. But the pastime lives and grows for all that—certainly not because it is specially suited for our times, but simply because it is an old familiar sport in which we believe, we scarce know why, and which we enjoy because it is part of an Englishman's habit or nature to do so.

This is but an illustration of a broad truth. We cling to our sports and amusements with a tenacity which is not shown in the more serious concerns of society. And it will be the same with rifle-shooting, and the more so because the end proposed is as noble as that of many other pastimes is frivolous and ridiculous—because the man who can use a rifle in defence of his country is, and knows that he is, for that reason, the more worthy of having a free country to defend—and, finally, because each day proves more and more clearly that it is to the attractions of the rifle that we must trust to sustain the Volunteer movement when, as at this moment, it might otherwise be in danger of flagging, from a feeling that no immediate necessity exists for presenting an array of civilian troops to deter an enemy from threatening our shores. It is not in human nature to persist in apparently needless effort; and many of those who have proved themselves zealous Volunteers are tempted to think that, having learned their duty, they may stand by and wait till the occasion arrives for serious employment. Unfortunately, if all took this view, there would be an end of the Volunteer army. Even when you have brought a regiment to as high a pitch of training as the best of the

Volunteers, you cannot scatter men and officers with the assurance of being able to gather them again in full efficiency at the first alarm of war. Drill must go on, though it may have lost its novelty; and nothing would be more disheartening and fatal than a gradual dwindling away of the muster-roll, until parades and reviews became occasions of humiliation rather than of exultation and pleasure. And yet, if it were not for the increasing zest with which rifle shooting is followed as a pastime by a certain proportion—as yet, it is true, only a small though an increasing proportion—of the force, it would be easy to perceive the tendency to slacken in the cause. The danger is obvious enough, but the remedy is ready to our hands; and in the action of the National Rifle Association we think we see a certain antidote to the symptoms of weariness which are said to be creeping over the Volunteer force. It is for these reasons that we have always been among the most zealous supporters of that movement within a movement which has its main spring at Wimbledon, and which shows itself in the numerous local gatherings which are modelled on the annual festival.

There are, it is true, some, and these among the heartiest of the supporters of Volunteering, who have looked upon the taste for prize-shooting as something derogatory to the high calling of a Volunteer. Large money prizes, splendid cups, and even fancy rifles are deemed as unworthy objects of a rifleman's ambition. Even the desire of success in competition, for its own sake, is ranked as a low motive by the side of the patriotic resolution which ought to keep the rifleman constant to his purpose, whether the need for his services may appear to be great or small. As a matter of ethics, all this may be very true and very elevated, and the man who will sacrifice an appreciable amount of time and money with only the remotest possible expectation of being called upon to use the skill which he so assiduously acquires and maintains, may fairly be exalted above his less enthusiastic brethren who require a daily stimulus for daily toil. But even Volunteers cannot be assumed to be all of the most exalted type of humanity. Motives of a less lofty kind are wanted to fill the void when patriotism seems scarcely to suggest the necessity for continued exertion; and these are effectually supplied by the excitement of a favourite pursuit.

Even the large prizes which are held out at Wimbledon will not seem excessive when it is remembered that an annual national celebration must be on a grander scale than an ordinary local contest. At the same time, it may be conceded that it would be most desirable to encourage competition somewhat more for the honour of a company or a corps than for the more solid and commonplace reward of a bag of money. Individual contests for substantial prizes cannot be safely dispensed with; but it would be a pleasant sign to see more of such contests as that between Lancashire and Middlesex, with which the present meeting was so brilliantly opened. A match for honour between two corps or two districts brings out almost as much emulation as the sort of pot-hunting known at Wimbledon and elsewhere as Pool, where the value of a bull's-eye is much more considered than the credit of handling with success the Queen of weapons. By encouraging the more wholesome form of competition, those who are jealous of the tone of the Volunteer force will do more good than by denouncing all prize contests as demoralizing and unworthy; and we hope that among the developments of future years we shall see at Wimbledon a larger admixture of such competitions as those between England and Scotland, between the North and the South, or, to take one of the earliest and most interesting of this class of matches, the competition between the public schools. The Association have shown, by their programme of this year, that they are alive to the importance of moving in this direction; and we at any rate are not disposed to complain that the stronger stimulus of personal competition continues to be provided in the shape of substantial and honourable distinctions to be won at Wimbledon.

MAZZINI'S MANIFESTO.

MAZZINI has lately added another Declaration to the long series of his enthusiastic and rhetorical manifestoes. It is impossible to measure the varying and indefinite influence which he can at different times exercise in Italy. When GARIBALDI is on his side, MAZZINI provides a theory and a cause for the popular leader, who nevertheless, after a time, is persuaded to abandon any active opposition to the national Government. A weak or unpopular Ministry revives the authority of the popular agitator, and in general he is more powerful in the presence of RATTazzi than when he was overshadowed by the practical and triumphant genius of CAURO. The prophet who proclaims a great object and a general course

of action generally contends at advantage with the official apologist who has to excuse apparent failure or procrastination. The youth of Italy may perhaps welcome the voice which tells them, "We will have Rome and Venice, because Rome "contains the secret of our unity, and Venice that of the "overthrow of the Austrian Empire." It is only cold experience which suggests that reasons for desiring a result are not precisely equivalent to proofs that it is immediately attainable. There can be no doubt that MAZZINI's promises are larger than RATTAZZI's, and yet the hope of Italian unity may depend on the acquiescence of the country in the policy of the Government. The Republican leader boasts, as usual, in perfect good faith, that he has made heavy sacrifices in consenting to abstain from opposing the establishment of a monarchy; and it is not important to inquire whether it was possible to interrupt the course of events without open and avowed treason to the national cause. At the commencement of the revolution which has produced the Kingdom of Italy, Piedmont alone had an army, a constitution, and a definite policy. Opposition to VICTOR EMMANUEL would have been alliance with Austria, and it is fair to admit that the Republicans have shrunk from the commission of an unpardonable crime. The miserable jealousies which left CHARLES ALBERT to conduct alone the struggle of 1848 have since been partially suspended; but MAZZINI at least has never ceased to denounce the conduct of the Government which he has tolerated as a necessary evil.

The compact by which the Republicans considered themselves bound seems to have contained a condition which was utterly inconsistent with its tenor. "In following a path so strewn "with sacrifice and sorrow, the sole right we reserved to our "selves was the right of action to combat the foreign invader." In other words, the choice of peace or war was withdrawn from the KING and the Parliament, and vested in an irresponsible body of patriotic enthusiasts. There is little meaning in the recognition of a Government which is not to be allowed to govern; and if the supposed compact had really been ratified on both sides, the Minister of the day would have been deprived of all control over the policy of the country. The right to combat a foreign invader involves the right of raising men, of levying taxes, and of pledging the public credit for the means of carrying on the war. It is absurd to suppose that CAVOUR or his successor would have assented to such a bargain, and a conditional offer which has never been accepted is by no means equivalent to a compact. "The right of action," according to MAZZINI, "is now taken "from us;" and it is true that the Government, in discharge of an obvious duty, has interrupted the preparations for an unauthorized attack on Austria. "All reason, therefore, for "the compact ceases, and I believe it my duty to declare "this." In the same manner, a partisan leader might tender his services to a commander in the field, and afterwards desert his colours because he had been ordered to retreat or forbidden to advance. Modern Republicans cannot understand that obedience to a Government or to a Constitution is, by the nature of the case, absolutely unconditional. If it were assumed, for the purpose of argument, that MAZZINI's policy was judicious, he would nevertheless divide the State in two by carrying out his views on his own authority. The fortunate anomaly of the Sicilian expedition can scarcely create a precedent, and even if GARIBALDI had failed in his attempt, Piedmont would not have been involved by his enterprise in a war. "Between the aspirations of the best of our countrymen, and the musket shots by which those aspirations were "replied to in Brescia," there was the distinction that the "best of Italians" had no right to involve the country in a war, and that the Government had therefore a perfect right to prohibit their design.

The one-sided and voluntary compact being at an end, the Republicans are henceforth to act as if Italy was still enslaved under foreign and hostile rulers. "We hoped to be able to "conquer Rome and Venice as allies of the monarchy, and we "now declare, that hope being destroyed, that we strive to "conquer them alone, through our own efforts, in spite of the "Government, and ready even to combat against the Government, should it persist in the endeavour to stand in our "way." Rome, with its French garrison, and Austria, with its vast and disciplined army, might have been thought sufficiently formidable antagonists to an undivided Italy, acting by its own organized Government. With culpable levity, MAZZINI proposes to add a more formidable adversary than either, by forcing the KING and the army into the ranks of his opponents. Yet, if he were capable of reflection, he could not doubt that the policy which he announces precisely coincides with the interests and wishes of the POPE and of the Austrian

Government. A revolutionary assault directed at the same time against the Italian monarchy and against its most formidable opponents would almost serve to repair all the losses which the enemies of national unity have suffered during the last three years. The profession of a former desire to act in alliance with the monarchy is a confession that the Republicans have always affected an independent position. Subjects make no alliance with the State of which they form a component part. Allegiance involves the sacrifice of individual action in all matters which properly belong to the constituted authorities.

The principal charge against the Government is, that it has not armed the country on a sufficiently comprehensive scale. The fourteen armies of the French Republic in 1794, and the 650,000 men raised by the Federal Americans, are invidiously contrasted with the 200,000 men of the regular Italian army. It is not for enthusiastic patriots to consider whether the circumstances are analogous, or whether either precedent deserves to be immediately followed. The French, when their country was invaded, and their passions excited to the highest pitch, brought for one year into the field nearly a million of men. Italy is at present at peace, and the Ministers neither possess nor require the guillotine to support forced requisitions for the supply of overgrown armies. It is true that the Northern States of America have brought 600,000 men into the field, but their exploits have not hitherto justified the belief that, even with equal exertions, Italy could recover Venice. M'CLELLAN has been stopped for several weeks by extemporized earthworks at Richmond, and by the imperfectly armed levies which the Confederates have collected for the defence of their capital. Whatever may be the ultimate success of his operations, it is evident that, if his force were suddenly transferred to the Mincio, he could not seriously threaten the great Austrian Quadrangle. In the attempt it might perhaps be possible to spend money with American profusion; but, if 100,000,000. were added to the Italian debt, the Monarchy would not occupy a safer or more formidable position. The question, however, is not whether the policy of immediate action is preferable to the delay practised by the Government. The decision of all similar questions must rest somewhere, and the power which decides them is paramount and sovereign in the State. It may be added that a Government must be administered by some distinct persons according to recognized forms. The collective egotism of MAZZINI and of those in whose name he professes to speak has no intelligible corporate existence.

It is possible that the Republican agitation, with all its errors and injustice, may serve the purpose which in older constitutions is carried out by a Parliamentary Opposition. It is not desirable that the country or the Government should go to sleep until perfect liberation is accomplished. MAZZINI proounds no method by which Rome can be recovered, except a hopeless war against France; yet it may be well to remind the Emperor NAPOLEON that the presence of his troops in a foreign capital is still regarded as usurpation. RATTAZZI himself may not be unwilling to remind his overbearing patron that it may be out of his power to carry deference too far. GARIBALDI is a useful bugbear, and MAZZINI gives GARIBALDI a meaning. Moral force, which is the projected shadow of material danger, may perhaps assist in solving the Roman question, though it is not equally probable that menaces will shake the hold of the Austrians on the Venetian provinces. It is in dealing with the Italians themselves that a judicious statesman might profitably make use of his own more intemperate opponents. They might be urged to arm in defence of the monarchy rather than in support of revolutionary disaffection; and when the Government thought that the time for striking had arrived, it would be an advantage that the population should have been previously familiarized with the thought of war. The somewhat stilted eloquence of MAZZINI's proclamations would not influence English readers; but in Italy, as well as in other parts of the Continent, fine sentiments and ambitious generalities still produce an impression. Warlike circulars may safely be tolerated, but it is indispensable that unauthorized expeditions should be sternly and summarily repressed.

AMATEUR GENERALS.

THERE is, unhappily, no longer any room for doubt as to the meaning of General BUTLER's proclamation. Strenuous efforts have been made to explain it away. The Yankee journalists of this city, who devote themselves to the ungrateful task of whitewashing Federal barbarities, did their best to subject it to a non-natural interpretation. It was only a mistake — an awkward phraseology — an unfortunate indis-

tinctness of expression. It only meant that women who insulted the soldiery should be punished by imprisonment. Nothing but deliberate malice, we were told, could misinterpret it. Unfortunately for his friends, General BUTLER is very proud of his production, and is much too strongly impressed with its administrative wisdom to allow it to be explained away. That which the voice of all civilized Europe, with the French and English Governments at its head, has branded as "infamous," excites no shame in General BUTLER's breast. He intended that the most extreme interpretation should be placed upon his words, and he does not thank the officious friends who wish to make a gentleman of him in spite of himself. The letter which he has written in comment is racier even than the original in its cynical disregard of decency:—

There can be, there has been, no room for misunderstanding of General Order No. 28.

No lady will take any notice of a strange gentleman, and *a fortiori* of a stranger simply, in such form as to attract attention. Common women do.

Therefore, whatever woman, lady or mistress, gentle or simple, who, by gesture, look, or word, insults, shows contempt for, thus attracting to herself the notice of my officers and soldiers, will be deemed to act as becomes her vocation as a common woman, and will be liable to be treated accordingly. This was most fully explained to you at my office.

I shall not, as I have not, abate a single word of that order; it was well considered; if obeyed, will protect the true and modest women from all possible insult. *The others will take care of themselves.*

There can indeed be no room for misunderstanding. No ingenuity can extract from these last words any interpretation save one. The women of New Orleans will be divided into two classes for the purposes of General BUTLER's administration. Those who contrive so to conceal the contempt they all must feel for the New York rowdies who disgrace the uniform of a soldier in their city, that neither look nor gesture shall express it, will be protected from insult. The others, whose faces are more eloquent, will *not* be protected from insult. Whatever it may be the pleasure of the Federal soldiers to do to them, General BUTLER will not interfere. "They will take 'care of themselves."

The history of Christendom will be ransacked in vain for another instance of a general who has avowedly utilized the lusts of his men for the purposes of military terrorism. But we do not notice the proclamation here for the purpose of characterizing it further. Every man and every woman will feel the full horror of all that its language implies. The lesson that it teaches is what we wish to dwell upon; and that lesson is the danger of a system in which sharp attorneys are turned suddenly into generals. In all wars the common soldiery are apt to depart very widely from the ideal of military honour. Their brutalities have been the common reproach of all armies in all times. But among officers, there has usually been a code of honour which restrains the ferocities of war. They have shrunk from the maltreatment of women, if not under the impulse of their own feelings, at least under a dread of losing caste among their fellows. Even needless devastation has been checked by the fear of a reputation for inhumanity among those whose opinion every officer has been trained to respect. The peculiarity of the Federal warfare is that this restraint seems to be wholly absent. The officers are more barbarous and more unmanly than the private soldiers. Very horrible accounts reach us of the devastation which the privates in the Federal army commit; but they do not equal the atrocity of General BUTLER's proclamation, or of the proposal of a Federal Commodore to bombard a defenceless city. General BLENKER's taste for rapine is so strong that the new verb "to blenker" threatens to confer upon him as unenviable notoriety as the word "marauder" has conferred on MERODE. The device said to have been resorted to by General HALLECK for weakening BEAUREGARD's army, by the present of 300 smallpoxed prisoners, is quite as unique in its way as the New Orleans proclamation. In order to find precedents for either it would be necessary to recur either to Oriental or savage examples.

There is nothing to explain, at first sight, why the American generals should exhibit this exceptional barbarity. There is no reason why they should take pleasure in causeless desolation. There is nothing in their national character, as heretofore understood, that should induce them to use infectious diseases as their weapon against men, and brutal lust as their weapon against women. The officers of the army, in point of chivalrous feeling, are generally the best men of each community. They are authorities in questions of manly feeling, and prescribe the laws of honour to the rest. And those who are acquainted with the better classes of Boston know that the best men of the American community, in point of manliness and honour, are inferior to no class of men in Europe. But the peculiarity of the Federal army is, that its officers are the

weeds, not the flower of the people. That they are so is no great blame to the authorities that appointed them. It was necessary to raise a vast army in a remarkably short space of time; and in doing so it was necessary to accept the services of generals who had no previous training for their duties. The fault lay in the system which, at the moment of its greatest need, left the Federal Government almost wholly destitute of an army. It is true that their difficulties were aggravated in part by the fact that almost all their officers preferred to take the Confederate side. But even if all these had remained faithful, the number would have been insufficient for the demands which it was always possible that the possession of so vast a territory would involve. There were not enough to form a soldier class, or to impart soldierly traditions to those who might on any sudden emergency be added. The result was that when large brigades were suddenly called into existence, men were put at their head to whom a soldier's feelings were unknown. It has been the work of ages to accumulate the traditions which restrain the officer from carrying into the battle-field the passions of the savage. Those who undertake war's bloody duties without the preservative of such influences will carry on war after the fashion of a savage. Training is needed to make a soldier who can be trusted to gain a victory; but it is much more needed to make a soldier who can be trusted to use a victory. It requires a very artificial education to set bounds to the fury of a death-grapple, and to baulk of its prey the passion of revenge just at the moment of its intensest excitation. The laws of war have only a factitious and enforced currency. They do not command themselves to the prosaic logic of a mind untrained to sympathize with the spirit in which they are framed. We know by experience the inestimable benefit they confer upon humanity. But they are not self-evident to the mind of the Methodist parson, or the German adventurer, or the New York petitfogger, who is suddenly invested with military command, and wields the despotism of military power. Arguing from first principles, there is no reason why men should not fight with weapons consisting of poison or the virus of a disease, as well as with weapons consisting of steel and iron. There is no logical formula by which it can be proved that it is lawful in war to slaughter men, but not to molest women. It is not possible to demonstrate the necessity of sparing a hostile country, or a hostile city, while you are slaying the inhabitants to whom they belong. These are matters of feeling, not of argument. It is hopeless to drive them by argument into minds that have not been trained to apprehend them without it. The attorney at New Orleans who wears a general's uniform is giving vent to his instincts of animosity against a race which he detests, in the manner which suggests itself to him naturally. He hates the Confederate women of New Orleans, and he goes the most direct way to gratify that hatred. He knows that being dishonourably handled by men of a degraded class is the keenest torture to which he can subject them, and, therefore, he inflicts it. If he had been brought up in America among officers, or in Europe among civilians even, if they were gentlemen, such an idea would never have occurred to him. But being only a New York attorney, he acts after his kind.

The real lesson which is read to us by the misdeeds of the Federal Generals is the impolicy of depriving ourselves of an adequate standing army. The costliness of such a proceeding has been sufficiently demonstrated by the events of the war and the present condition of the Federal debt. But it inflicts a deeper evil than the mere loss of money. It takes off from the combatants that curb upon human passions which is imposed by soldierly feeling. If the example were followed by many countries, and armies were frequently sent out under generals who had been brought up in some low civilian occupation, the laws of war, with all the beneficent mitigations with which they have tempered its horrors, would quickly disappear. We should all fight, as the Federals are now fighting, like savages; and each war would leave behind it, not only material devastation, but a far deadlier moral ruin, which the lapse of many generations would not be sufficient to repair.

POLITICAL IMPUNITY.

NOTHING is easier than to be a political cynic. There are certain moods in which we very naturally regard the world of politics as a chaos of wrong-doing. The Eternal Veracities may in the end assert themselves, and the Eumenides may have their swing some day; but the day is a very long time coming. The great instance of retribution which may be said to have had

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the honour of first introducing the Eumenides to the notice of the modern world, is the destruction of the French aristocracy during the Reign of Terror. Three hundred years before, perhaps, a particular set of noblemen used their seigniorial rights too harshly, kept too many pigeons, or exacted too much hard labour from their serfs, and instituted a system of general violence and legalized rapacity. In the long distance of time, persons who claimed a descent more or less imaginary from them were tormented with fright and anxiety, and some even lost their lives, through an uprising of the blackguards of Paris. To the philosophical historian this result of the interposition of the Eumenides is instructive; but to any naughty individual contemplating wrongdoing the Furies are far too slow in their proceedings to be impressive. The fact is, that political crimes often succeed. We know that they succeed, and we do not seriously condemn them in the way in which we condemn private offences. We make up our minds to grant a certain amount of political impunity. The common account is, that this impunity is the mere result of success, and that the man who holds his ground is always pardoned. This is in some degree true. The world is cowardly and mean, and speaks well of those who can do mischief to it if offended, or have the good things to give away. But it is not the whole truth. Political impunity is not always associated with success. Bomba was in one sense a successful man. He died in the odour of sanctity, with his prisons full, his gallant army at its highest strength, and a most comforting reserve in foreign funds. But he did not enjoy perfect political impunity. He was not punished, but he was not forgiven. He was thought to be a horrible old tyrant, and men longed for him to be got somehow or other out of the way. M. Guizot has not succeeded, and therefore we can only speculate on what would have happened if he had succeeded; but we scarcely think he would have been pardoned for the Spanish marriages. His name was tarnished by his participation in a wrong to a woman of a peculiarly odious character, and this is one of the crimes people are slow to overlook. There is, if we come to consider it, some sort of principle on which we agree to overlook political crimes. They must be held to have effected, or to have tended to effect, some object which we think desirable; and then, for the sake of that object, we do not exactly countenance them, but we omit to reprobate them. We do not cease to consider them crimes, or to wish for some sort of punishment if it could be had, but we acquiesce in the impunity, and are moderate in our blame. Want of success would indeed be fatal. We do not pardon the crimes of the unsuccessful. But neither is it all the crimes of the successful that we overlook. The political cynic must do us, at least, this much justice, and own that we at least set up between ourselves and political scrupulousness some shadowy sort of theory.

We will take three instances of political crimes from current history, representing three shades of intensity as different as possible. Louis Napoleon is the hero of the worst. In gaining his crown and in keeping it he has committed enormous political crimes. His hands are red with the blood of his countrymen—his ears may ring with the curses of those whom he has consigned to the last miseries that humanity can endure. If any of the facts of contemporary history are established at all, none rest on better evidence than that, at the time of the Coup d'Etat, the populace of Paris was mown down by artillery for the mere purpose of producing an impression, and that, after the attempt of Orsini, when a republican rising was feared, hundreds and hundreds of wholly innocent persons were deported to Lambessa and Cayenne, merely because the officials were ordered to return a prescribed list of victims from their different districts. If any political acts are crimes, these are crimes of a very deep dye. But the Emperor enjoys political impunity. He has practically been pardoned. It is not merely that he reigns in the Tuilleries, and has the best of all the world can give him, and exchanges visits with our Queen as an equal; but men at large do not think badly of him in proportion to his crimes. They do not put him on the level of Bomba. The few who do so are very much to be respected and admired, perhaps, but they are few, and their virtue is not the virtue of the world. We are not discussing whether a wholly wise and virtuous man would not hate Louis Napoleon like poison, but whether the decent, timid, moderately good majority do or do not pardon him. We think that practically they do; but they do so because they consider him to have done good with the power he thus won and obtained. They think that, to an extent which they do not care to estimate precisely, he has made France quiet and rich, thwarted the priests, and freed Italy. They will not class such a man with Bomba, simply because their crimes have been not wholly similar.

Our next instance shall be drawn from America. The outbreak of the civil war was the signal for a corresponding outbreak of the most flagrant, shameless, wholesale jobbing. Every one set to work to plunder the Republic, and to sell it the worst of all possible stores at the highest of all possible prices. Two classes especially distinguished themselves in audacity and profligacy of jobbing—Cabinet Ministers, and ministers of the Gospel. The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy did things which startled even American critics, and their misdeeds have been published and set forth in the light of day. But no one has been punished. They have reaped the profit of their little transactions, and are forgiven, and hold high place in the Federation. Mr. Cameron is Minister in Russia, Mr. Welles is still Secretary at the Navy. General Fremont, in spite of all the presents to his wife of which Mr.

Trollope tells us, still commands an army, with such a degree of reputation and success as General Jackson permits him to hold. The jobbers are not worse off in any way. Partly, perhaps, this came from the triviality of the offence which the Americans see in the wholesale plundering of the State. But it came much more from the shelter which the President threw over the offenders. He was known to be honest himself, and yet he stood up stoutly to defend and protect dishonest men. He would not desert his dependents and supporters. He stuck to the principle that in time of danger it is better to overlook many faults and much villainy than to weaken the confidence which the officials of a Government ought to place in it. This view has commended itself to the Americans. They agree that, in the presence of so tremendous a trial as that to which they are now exposed, it would be unwise to have dissensions and recriminations, and exposures in the governing circle. They not only do not punish the jobbers, but they admire the President for not permitting them to be punished, and they allow a portion of the satisfaction with which the President inspires them to be reflected on the jobbers themselves. They seem to have arrived at a tacit understanding that this political crime shall be passed over lightly, and that it shall be consigned to oblivion as soon as possible. They yield to what they conceive to be the salutary principle that even bad men must be supported when their offences are mixed up with the triumph of the right side on occasions of great peril and great importance.

As an example of a political crime of minor magnitude, we may take the conduct of the official, whoever he may have been, who obtained the lease of Montagu House through the manoeuvre just recalled to the recollection of the public. On the eve of a great party division, some Tory official got Mr. Disraeli to sign unwittingly a lease which it was known Mr. Disraeli thought very prejudicial to the public interests, but which was considered necessary to secure the Duke of Buccleugh's support. This was not a great crime, but it was a crime. It was a most dishonourable abandonment of the interests of the nation by a person or persons paid and engaged to look after them, in order that a Duke might be bribed to back up a tottering Ministry. It was worse than a job—it was a job coupled with a fraud; for it must be taken that Mr. Disraeli's signature was procured by the discreditable artifice of getting him to sign a paper as a mere piece of routine, it being known that he would not have signed the paper had he been aware of the contents; otherwise, Mr. Disraeli, by pretending afterwards to be ignorant of what he had done, would have been guilty of a job and fraud himself. Yet the scandalous trick has been completely forgiven. Even the name of the offender has been left in the region of surmises. Not only has the thing itself been allowed to pass, but there has been an almost total absence of proper reprobation of the act. The reason is, that the public has tacitly allowed the claim for condonation which is grounded on the exigencies of party warfare. The Tory party were struggling for existence; they had the tiniest possible hopes of not drowning, and there was no sort of straw they were not prepared to clutch at. When their successors discovered the particular straw at which they had clutched, and found out this job, they let it go gently by. They did not cancel the agreement, or pry into the exact history of the offence, or the names of the offenders. They had, perhaps, some recollections of party jobs of their own; and at any rate, they accepted it as better to let oblivion fall on this particular scandal than to strike a blow at party organization. The public took the same view. There was no open declaration of an opinion that the matter had better drop, but there was a tacit understanding; and so the matter did drop, and no one would have thought any more of it unless its memory had been revived by the detection of another and more serious job, by which the same nobleman was to benefit.

It may be feared that if we are to grant political impunity in this easy sort of way, there is an end at once of all political morality. There are some people who pass their lives in discovering that if some proposition is or is not admitted all morality and religion are at end. These crimes do not cease to be crimes because they are pardoned. No man of right principle and sensitive honour will shoot his fellow-countrymen with grape shot in order to make an impression on them; nor will he sell the War Department, at outrageous prices, in a time of national danger, great-coats made of shoddy, and muskets previously condemned as useless; nor will he cheat a Minister out of his signature to a lease intended to bribe a duke. The right-minded man will do none of these things. But when wrong-minded men do them, they are often not only unvisited with punishment, but pardoned for their offence. When this happens, it is worth while observing that this political impunity is granted in deference to something besides success. There is some principle, or some theory of political expediency or necessity, which is held to give a sort of faint sanction to the wrong-doing. We are obeying our reason as well as our cowardly instincts when we let the offenders off. It is scarcely necessary to say that one of the first of all aims of a nation should be to get rid of political crimes altogether; and for our comfort it may be observed that it is a reward of good government that political crimes do, as a matter of fact, grow less frequent in orderly, honest societies, and assume a much more mitigated form. We have had no instruction by grapeshot in the England of our day. Pecuniary jobbing for direct private interests has never got higher here than the secretaries to Cabinet Ministers in recent years. Perhaps even jobs in which the public interest is sacrificed to keeping up the falling fortunes of a party are getting rarer and are more cen-

sured when they are discovered. By all means, let us raise our voice against them, and prevent them as well as the more atrocious kinds of political crimes as much as possible. But since political impunity is never or seldom granted without some shadow of excuse, let us give human nature the benefit of acknowledging that this is so.

DRAWING-ROOM FORTIFICATIONS.

MOST householders have to go through the process of furnishing their drawing-rooms at some time in their lives, and few people find the occupation disagreeable. But the principles on which it should be conducted have not yet been examined with the care to which they are entitled. The true end and aim of drawing-room furniture is not recognised as it should be. There are several methods in which you may proceed in the accomplishment of this important object. There is the indifferent way, as when you send for your upholsterer, and tell him to do it for you regardless of expense. There is the economical way, as when you attend at auctions and pick up everything that goes cheap, without troubling yourself about material or appearance, and stoically match a dirty satin sofa with bran-new horsehair chairs. There is the aesthetic way, as when you assert the colour and form of your moveables with such exquisite taste that you neither dare sit on them lest they should be rumped, nor move them lest they should look untidy, nor light a fire lest they should be smoked, nor open the window lest the blacks should come in. And there is the antiquarian way, as when you choose your furniture according to some epoch—generally an epoch in which the seats of chairs were inexorably hard, and the backs mercilessly perpendicular—consoled yourself for the obvious discomfort of your guests by the reflection that it is all in character. But there is a more practical point of view than any of these, from which this question may be looked at. There is an inconsequence in bestowing so much thought on the ornamentation of objects which are only useful when they are being sat upon. The moral aspect of the question is entirely passed by. Yet drawing-room furniture has a moral influence of its own. It prescribes the conditions under which stiff women shall converse with shy men. If well arranged, it facilitates; if ill arranged, it obstructs acquaintance; and very momentous consequences sometimes spring from chance acquaintance. The issue of matrimony or no matrimony may often turn on the possibility of squeezing behind a sofa, or surmounting a barricade of chairs. Many a pair of tender hearts, formed for each other, may lose their only chance of meeting in this world, if they are placed one on each side of an impenetrable ottoman.

The idea on which chairs and sofas in a drawing-room are generally arranged appears to be that they are the separate works of a line of fortification designed to repel the inroads of an enemy whose appearance at the door is constantly expected. Fortifications, as we have often heard recently, are of very little use without a garrison; and therefore, when they are not garrisoned, the chair bastions and sofa-stockades are innocent enough. It is in the evening, after dinner, when they are thoroughly well-manned, or rather, well-womaned, that they are truly formidable. Civilization inflicts upon its victims many embarrassing moments; but there is none under which the heart sinks so heavily as the moment when the Amazonian entrenchments burst upon your view, as you defile slowly and timidly through the drawing-room door. Your first impression is that the position is impregnable. Sometimes you are brought up short at the entrance by a palisade of heavy chairs, which receive additional solidity from the occupancy of a line of estimable dowagers. An opening ostentatiously made for you, and a polite assurance that there is plenty of room, only add to the terrors of the moment. More commonly, the passage to that city of refuge, the fireplace, to which the hunted male naturally retreats, is barred by an immovable ottoman, thickly bestrewed with female forms. On each side of it there are narrow straits, which their abundant apparel converts into an intricate navigation. You must be more than iron-cased if you feel equal to forcing the passage of those forts. You dare do all that doth become a man; but you cannot muster courage to pick your way through all that drapery, dropping civil nothings to unknown young ladies as you pass. But a more terrible, and at the same time a more scientific, form of fortification is when all obstacles are cleared away, and you find the ladies ranged round the room in the form of a horse-shoe, leaving a wide, open, chairless space in the middle, into which, if you are so inclined, you may walk and exhibit your person to the best advantage, under the converging fire of their eyes. The ottoman itself is not so terrible as that sort of arena in the middle of an amphitheatre of crinoline. It is the form of fortification which always strikes the most evident panic into the ranks of the invaders. Two or three, perhaps—men of dauntless courage—sally forth into the middle of it, and range themselves in front of the respective ladies of their choice, bending forward at an angle of forty-five, so as to assume as nearly as possible the attitude and appearance of cock-sparrows. In this position of gracefulness and ease they exchange such observations as an overpowering desire to get rid of their hands will permit them to think of. But the majority trust themselves to no such desperate adventure. They huddle together at the end of the room where they have come in, as though they were deeply impressed with the importance of securing their retreat by keeping open their communications with the door. It is only from sheer terror that they take so pusillanimous a course. They are quite sensible that their cowardice

requires concealment, and they do their best to practise it as decently as they can. They cluster round the coffee-tray, they investigate the table, they admire the proportions of the room. But they put off the evil hour when they must venture into the arena, as long as they can find a presentable excuse. A certain amount of time may be decently consumed over coffee and tea; photographic albums are a great resource; and, if any works of art are accessible without passing under the guns of a sofa, it is astonishing what a taste for art will be suddenly developed in the shyer members of a company. But this is, of course, a refuge which is only available in exceptional cases. As a rule, the ladies are at one end of the room, talking low to each other about their babies for want of better employment, and the gentlemen are standing at the other end, looking like waiters whom the master of the house, in a genial mood, has allowed to come in and see what the fine company are doing.

It is very perplexing to the lady of the house that she cannot induce the two elements to amalgamate; but it is a sheer question of furniture. There are two things which an Englishman detests, especially when he is in evening dress. One is to be obliged to pose in a position in which he can be generally observed, and the other is to have no comfortable mode of disposing of his hands. If those two difficulties are settled for him, he is, in ordinary cases, a convertible animal. But owing to the furniture fortifications, it is almost always impossible to talk to a woman after dinner, except by standing in front of her and assuming the cock-sparrow attitude. It requires the fathomless self-complacency of a foreigner to do this, and to talk without effort at the same time. As long as the women sit together on sofas in rows, or cluster upon ottomans, there will always be a cloud of black coats hovering near the door, and wishing the hour of deliverance were at hand. It is a very common saying that Englishmen can never meet together without eating; but it is not because they are a peculiarly gluttonous people, but because eating puts them at their ease. When your legs are fairly stowed under the table, and your hands are busy with the knife and fork, there is no difficulty about attitude. Directly the question of attitude is settled, the Englishman's heart begins to open. His proverbial shyness does not arise from his being timid, or being proud, but simply from his being unready. He requires the concentrated attention of his whole mind in order to be able to talk with ease. If his thoughts are distracted with the idea that he has got himself into a conspicuous position or a ridiculous attitude, he immediately forgets what he is talking about, and does not know what to say next. Of course a proper amount of schooling would cure this tendency. The practised diner-out would talk agreeably if he was standing on his head. But that fecundity of small talk which is a natural gift with foreigners is an acquired grace with Englishmen. And the ordinary untrained specimen of the race, if he is to make himself agreeable to ladies after dinner, must have no fortifications to break through, no narrow straits to thread, and, above all, no embarrassing attitudes to assume. He must be able to sit down as comfortably by the side of the lady to whom he means to talk as if he were at dinner.

We venture to suggest this subject to the consideration of the occupants of those pulpits from which the instruction of the upper classes is conducted. Instead of preaching against low company, let them preach against big sofas. They must consider what a young man's view of such matters is likely to be. Respectable women, he probably thinks, may be very agreeable; but he does not know, for he has no means of getting at them. He only knows them as the stiff-looking garrison, who—if we may again be pardoned the Hibernicism—man the drawing-room ramparts. It is probable, though we do not venture to speak with certainty, that there are no big sofas at the Casinos. The clergy will at once appreciate the moral bearing of the big sofa. It is what Mr. Palgrave would call the "long unloveliness" of that article of furniture which is the great obstacle to the moral improvement of the upper classes. If it could be cut up into small chairs, young men could get near the respectable ladies, and might perhaps discover that some of them at least are worth talking to. We do not say that the clergy could at once procure its abolition. For the present, perhaps, they must be satisfied with urging its reduction. Public opinion is hardly as yet sufficiently advanced for an absolute prohibition of this demoralizing article of furniture; but perhaps an agitation for a permissive bill, enabling every square by a majority of votes to suppress big sofas within its own precincts, might have a prospect of success. But, in any case, the deep moral effect of furniture ought to be studied by those social missionaries who make it their business to improve their neighbours, especially when they are of the opposite sex. The proper arrangement of it is the condition precedent to all influence for good. For how is influence to be obtained except by talking? and how are people to talk until they have first sat down?

DR. NEWMAN.

DR. NEWMAN'S letter to the Editor of the *Globe* is so characteristic, and the occasion which called it out is so characteristic also, that we are almost tempted to adopt the conclusion which has presented itself to some minds of an unconfiding character, that there is a little bit of collusion in it. Far are we from attributing to Dr. Newman personally the astute trick of spreading—still less of originating—a rumour of his reconversion to Angli-

anism for the mere purpose of contradicting it, though we can recall instances of those who have been parties to the report of their own death, not so much for the gratification of anticipating their own funeral eulogy, as for the more subtle consolation of proving their vitality by energy in letter-writing. But it may evidently suit some of Dr. Newman's friends and co-religionists to unearth him. Of late years he has not been much before the world. It is undeniable that the noblest convert to Romanism from the Church of England has, in his recent silence and solitude, done much — simply by doing nothing — to foil and baffle indiscreet admirers and equally indiscreet foes. Whether the fatuity of this rumour, which Dr. Newman is so evidently pleased with, is chargeable on his politic friends or on the unpolitic friends of the Church of England, we shall not speculate. The purveyors of paragraphs to the Church newspapers and the gossips at rural clerical meetings are equal to such an exhibition of stupidity. Be this as it may, the old lion resents, as in the days of old, this flinging of Protestant heels into his face. He shows that his teeth, though yellow, are strong, and that he has not, though a veteran, *jam rude donatus*, forgotten his swashing blow. Dr. Newman must have relished, with the oiliest smacking of controversial lips, the chance which invited him to construct that gripping antithesis in which he represents himself as shuddering at the Book of Common Prayer, and shivering at the Thirty-nine Articles; while the voluntary or involuntary silence of years may almost be condoned for that pious and curious felicity in alliterative rancour which gave him the welcome opportunity of saluting the Church of his "many dear friends" as "the city of confusion and the house of bondage." Whether the dear delight of uttering a corrosive epigram against the religion in which you have spent the best fifty years of life is worth its moral dangers, is another question; though we make all allowances for the effects of controversial bile secreted without a natural discharge for thirteen years. The *vomito negro* must take its natural course.

As to the rumour itself of the expectation entertained of Dr. Newman's return to the Church of England, we can only say that, if it ever existed, it must have been among those who know very little either of Dr. Newman or of the laws of the human mind. Because Dr. Newman has changed his opinions once, it is imagined that he is likely to change them again. This is but a shallow conclusion. It may be quite true that Dr. Newman once spoke of that communion which he now pronounces "the land flowing with milk and honey," as a "lost Church," as an "apostasy," as "heretical," as "a communion from which we are bound to flee as from a pestilence because they have established a lie in place of God's truth" — as "spell-bound by an evil spirit," and tainted with "cruelty, craft, ambition" — as possessed "in the very heart of the Church, in her highest dignity, in the seat of St. Peter, by the evil principle" — as "a Church beside herself." Indeed, we might fill a column with the rich, exuberant, and copious maledictions with which some thirty years ago Dr. Newman outstripped a Cumming or a Campbell in pouring out the choice verbiage of controversial slang on the Roman system and doctrine. But because Dr. Newman has withdrawn all this, and because Saul has become Paul, and the persecutor has merged in the Apostle, we are asked to believe or to hope that his benedictions of Rome, like his curses, will in their turn be withdrawn. Dr. Newman has eaten his leek, but he is not likely to chew the cud of it. St. Augustine wrote a copious roll of Retractations, but there is not extant a parallel volume of Retractions Retracted. The Head of the Birmingham Oratory is not likely to have forgotten the history of Antonio de Dominis, or his fate, tragical alike to his person and his reputation. No doubt there is a haze of mystery about Dr. Newman's career since his last change of convictions. According to the scanty autobiography which he gives to the Editor of the *Globe*, he founded an ambitious institution in London, the Oratory at Brompton, which he handed over, or which was handed over for him, or by him, to others; and though for thirteen years he has been head over a kindred or parent institution in Birmingham, he has in the meantime diversified his spiritual duties by an academic experiment in Ireland of which it is but little to say that it is a signal, if not an ignominious, failure. Dr. Newman has at least once failed, and he has been conspicuously silent. He has, since his change of religion, hardly sustained his old reputation or fulfilled the expectations of his new allies. If we remember right, when the wild tumult of Papal Aggression was evoked by the premature zeal of a half-acclimated prelate, now decorated with the purple of Rome, that voice to which so many thousands of the best heads and hearts in England had so long listened with respect and obedience was silent. Dr. Newman did nothing to summon or to control the whirlwind which Dr. Wiseman has not, perhaps, yet learned to regret. It is scarcely possible to suppose that, when a new doctrine was added to the faith, Dr. Newman had not his strong convictions; but he left the defence of the Immaculate Conception to others, and it may be inferior minds, even though his silence was likely to be interpreted unfavourably to his own orthodoxy by a scanty band of Gallican dissidents. And in later days, when a Döllinger and a Passaglia have felt constrained to place themselves in opposition to the claims advanced for the divine prerogative of the Papal temporalties, and when Hector is thundering at the very ships, the Birmingham Achilles must not be surprised if his absence from the ridges of battle is at least commented upon both by his present and his late friends. We all know that Rome is too wise to give undue encouragement to converts. That lofty attitude which accepts, with something

of serene disdain, those paltry convictions which are only the result of an intellectual struggle, and which cost nothing more than the prospects, the friendships, and the very flower of life, is one which Rome is wise enough to adopt as a normal policy towards its most distinguished converts. Better to break a great heart than to admit that you are in want of it — better to snub a convert than to encourage him overmuch. It was only a commonplace tyrant's gratitude, like that of Artaxerxes, which gave Themistocles three cities in Asia — it would have been wiser to have given the distinguished renegade his own heart for his daily sustenance. Rome finds it more politic to be what the world calls ungrateful; and it can afford to receive Protestant postulants with a dignified yet very reserved courtesy, rather than admit that it wants the reputation or the brains of living man.

We admit that it is only a vulgar tongue which would attribute to such a man as Dr. Newman the imbecility of being a disappointed man. Neither neglect nor disappointment will affect that solid rocky mind. But we have other grounds than the denial of such petty and paltry motives for our confidence that Dr. Newman's return to the Church of England is simply impossible. Lamennais, in our own times, is both a beacon and an example. Dr. Newman's theological growth has been systematic. He instances in his own person his own law of development. A tree may either grow in the ordinary way, or it may die, but it will not live if you plant it root upwards. Dr. Newman's growth has been regularly in one direction, and his career has been throughout uniform and consistent. There is a class of minds severely — we think unpractically — consistent in a hard remorseless logic. They must follow principles as they draw them to their inevitable, if cruel, results. They can only be brought to bay by a dilemma, and they rather welcome this fight à l'outrance. Hence what they call — it is Dr. Newman's own phrase — kill-or-cure arguments. Utter faith or blank infidelity — these are two rocks; and no debatable ground, no faltering steps, no quaking treacherous bogs or shifting quicksands are to be deemed excuses for the timid thinker or for the exercise of a practical, and political, and — shall we say? — moral deliberation. All his life long Dr. Newman has been preparing himself for the final choice — for deciding on the solitary stern alternative which, sooner or later, he would delight to face. And when it comes to this, this alternative is the only thing left to the mind. It may of course be renewed. When a man is at that point where only two roads are left — to the everlasting bourne of the Eternal City — he takes one or he takes the other. He does not daintily pick his way backward through the muddy tangled paths by which he has arrived at his final alternative — Rome or Infidelity. And if he takes one road and finds it wrong, he may take the other, but he does not walk backwards. This is the condition, not of Dr. Newman — for we wish to treat the discussion under the most impersonal terms — but of minds such as his. Far are we from hinting that there is the slightest probability that Dr. Newman has had, has, or ever will have the slightest "intention to leave the Catholic Church." But if such a mind as his, having gone through its intellectual life and strife, ever changes again, it will not be to "return to the Church of England."

The newspapers the other day say that a great fuss was made about the return of a person named Chirol to the bosom of the Church of England — the same re-convert having been first a "curate in the Established Church," then a "pervert," and now a restored penitent. It is quite enough to say that of this gentleman no human being ever heard, but that John Henry Newman has left his mark on the mind of England — an indelible mark too. What Mr. Chirol has done Dr. Newman is certainly not likely to do. And we may safely add that to those who know Dr. Newman's writings — and there are few thinkers who are strangers to them — the notion of its return to the Church of England must appear quite as absurd and fantastic as it does to Dr. Newman himself.

A DIAGNOSIS OF DOWAGERS.

ALL who patronize the talent of Mr. Woodin or Mrs. German Reed are familiar with the ingenious device by which those artists are wont to multiply themselves for the amusement of their visitors. They are provided with two different and strongly contrasted profiles. On one side are presented to view the lineaments of an old harridan — on the other, by a sudden twist, those of a gushing miss in a pork-pie hat. Now it is an old greybeard croaking, when, hey presto! we are listening to the drawl or stammer of a fop of the Dundreary type. Like the parti-coloured mannikin of the toy-shop, the performer submits his costume to a process of bisection; and while one half reveals the raven locks and open throat of a Byron, we recognise in the other the bushy wig and snuff-coloured suit of Dr. Johnson.

No more dissimilar are the urban and rural aspects of the British matron who annually conveys her marriageable daughters to the London market — the typical dowager of Tyburno-Belgravian circles. Few members of the human race present the moral philosopher with a stranger psychological problem. Here, in the bosom of the shires, is an elderly woman, well-born and well-educated — an admirable specimen of the solid, sensible, and self-reliant Englishwoman. She has long ago lived down her illusions, and subsided into a conscientious discharge of the duties of her station. Nothing can exceed the care with which her children are brought up, or the unselfish devotion with which she consults her husband's happiness. She is all that a diffuse and enthusiastic epitaph over

the family vault will hereafter call her—a good wife, a good mother, a kind friend, a charitable neighbour. What nook or corner of the parish does not know my Lady Bountiful? She is the presiding genius of the soup-kitchen and the clothing club. The National School basks in her approving smile, and the Colleen Bawn cloaks of its girl scholars flashing among the lanes are a living monument of her interest in the poor and her regard for the picturesque. Each recurring Sabbath sees her dignified form comfortably ensconced in a corner of the family pew, listening with exemplary attention to a drowsy, but orthodox sermon. Each Sabbath eve, she does not disdain to mount the pulpit herself, and preach to the rector or the rector's wife, an after-dinner sermon on church politics, parish squabbles, and the hatefulness of dissent. Such is the calm orbit of duty in which she revolves for nine months of the year.

But with April comes a rapid and awful moral deterioration. It may be that the meteorological conditions of London have a special tendency to demoralize women on the verge of their grand climacteric. The utter revolution which annually takes place in her conduct and demeanour may be the result of certain gaseous combinations which chemistry has yet to define. It is more reasonable, however, to suppose that it is the wilful indulgence of a darling passion, and the resolution to gratify it at all hazards, that corrupts her nature, and opens a breach through which all the social vices rush in. This baneful influence is the passion for an eligible son-in-law. It is a sight to make an angel weep, to see a matron of high character and principles dragged through the mud on the trail of this Will-of-the-Wisp. There is nothing mean, and petty, and contemptible, into which it will not seduce her. The functions of conscience and self-respect are apparently suspended during the summer months. But the remarkable part of the metempsychosis which she undergoes is this—that, judging by her actions, she has become the exact contrary of all that she prided herself on being in the purer air of Broadacres Park. Instead of the proud independence that marked her there, behold her sold into an ignoble slavery to the caprices of young Guardsmen, and hanging on the breath of fashionable Government clerks. The "good mother" proves her claim to the title by the constant endeavour to instil the most worldly maxims into her daughter's mind. The "good wife" addresses herself to the task of squandering her husband's money in ways which will yield him the least possible return of pleasure or profit. The "kind friend" indulges pretty freely in scandal and gossip at the expense of her acquaintance; and as evidence of the "charitable neighbour," we have the fixed scowl at amiable young men, who, though excellent dancers, are indifferent *parties*. Who does not know the massive wall-flower of the ball-room, red with the heart's blood of detrimentals? Who has not quailed before that brazen front? What eyeglass has not fallen before the calm clairvoyant gaze which looks through its abashed owner into the paltry balance standing in his name at the bank? Upon what ear have not those icy tones fallen like a doom? How difficult to realize, that one whose aspect is thus terrible can be herself an object of pity to the thoughtful philanthropist!

But the degradation of the landed proprietress is not complete unless, to use Mrs. Trench's phrase, she is seeking "to pierce the dense column of good society." When the young Raleigh meditated a somewhat similar undertaking, we know the advice which his royal mistress was good enough to scratch for his benefit on the palace window. The caution is still good, and applies exactly to the ambitious matron of the nineteenth century. "If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all! In other words, if you cannot stand a course of mud-baths and toad-eating, which suits some constitutions admirably, abstain, O dowager, from a vain endeavour to wriggle into "the best set." The struggle to mount is one of the most noticeable features of London society. The shifts and expedients to which the female aspirant for fashion has recourse are singularly ingenious. Her latest artifice is to adorn her visiting-card by some territorial affix. In days of yore, Smith was Smith, and Brown Brown. Now, we have changed all that, and receive elegant invitations from Mrs. Brown, "of Brownville," or Mrs. Smith, "of Castle Smith." Of course, if the Sovereign knew the merits of Brown and Smith, she would not fail, by a timely peacock, to signalize their connexion with the landed interest. In the mean time, it behoves a dutiful wife to do what she can to anticipate that gracious proceeding by means of her card-case. Perhaps the secret of this phenomenon of territorial ladies, who have of late cropped up so plentifully, is this—that they consult their attorneys on the form their visiting-card should take, and are advised by them to describe themselves as they would be mentioned in an ordinary legal document. We have all enjoyed the scene in which the Charles Surface of fiction brings his ancestors to the hammer. That exploit is far outdone by the ladies of fact, who so kindly condescend to become themselves the medium for an extensive advertisement of the family place.

The bottom of the abyss is fairly touched on the occasion of a ball given, as so many are now-a-days, upon the principle of one person providing the cash and another the credit. The woman who would get "into society" must take to her bosom another dowager more old, insolent, and fashionable than herself. This lady, on a respectful application, will kindly consent to give a ball at her friend's expense, but not without exacting the most stringent conditions. Not only does she demand the most unlimited freedom of action in the whole arrangements, but an absolute veto on the name of any proposed guest. The area of invitation is indicated

by certain lines of rigorous demarcation, strictly founded upon a reference to the postal directory. No one out of W. or S.W. has much chance of a card. The fate of the inhabitant of the quiet Vale of Harley trembles in the balance. The dearest friends are doomed to exclusion if, in an evil moment, they have planted themselves on the eastern side of Tottenham-court Road. Having chosen her guests on this capricious principle of selection, the passive hostess on the all-important evening takes her stand, in splendid array, by the side of her active partner, knowing and known of none. Few of the gay throng of dancers pause to reflect on the sufferings of the amiable *agonisante* whose nominal guests they are. It is bitter to be passed at the top of one's own staircase by a troop of young men and maidens with a cold stare, as who should say, "Who is the well-meaning savage in a turban?" Bitter to feel that Coote and Tinney see through the imposture, and that Gunter's men are laughing in their sleeve. But bitterest of all, to have the conviction borne in upon you that the whole affair is a failure, and has not advanced your matrimonial schemes one jot. When your windows and doors have migrated bodily, and you have slept for nights in a block of strange chifforiers and intrusive arm-chairs, you overhear some flippant youth denounce the whole thing as badly done, and proclaim, when the house is bulging from cellar to attic, that there is "no one" there.

Maternal instinct is a sacred thing; and we desire, therefore, to make every allowance for the wish of a Belgravian mother to settle her daughters advantageously. It is a sore trial to carry wares to the same market year after year without finding a purchaser. But there are other motives which actuate her that are far less defensible. There is one which is specially characteristic of the female representatives of the landed gentry—the insane longing to mortify or outrival some other magnate of the same county. When the two great ladies of Loamshire meet in town, then comes the tug of war. London is to them the Belgium or Lombardy where the struggle for supremacy is to be fought out. Their resources are probably pretty evenly balanced. In physique they are well matched. If one is broader, the other is more wiry. If one is strong in her Tory connexions, the other can fortify herself in the literary associations of the Whigs. If one has more riches, the other has more brains. At the Opera, in the Park, and in church, their one object is to stare down each other, and as both have nerves of iron and fronts of brass, the staring-match is well kept up on both sides. But of all social phenomena, the most supremely ridiculous is the dowager-coquette. The middle-aged lambkin, whom a train of gaunt unmarried daughters does not sober, but who apes the airs of the youngest, and flirts with as much relish, is happily rare. When these minauderies are seen in combination with insolent manners and a certain pride in doing and saying rude things, it is difficult to imagine a more aggravated form of social evil.

After all, London does more for our county grandees than they would care to own. For them the season may be considered as a course of very wholesome discipline. There is no better school than the capital for learning one's own insignificance; and nothing more salutary for the landed aristocracy than to find themselves occasionally in the presence of other aristocracies. Pushing matrons and scheming mothers derive much benefit from the discovery that success in their respective operations does not depend on broad acres and family diamonds alone. It is a redeeming feature of fashion, that, like the Papacy of the middle ages, it is an assertion of moral over material power, and that the veriest fooling of the Circumlocution Office who bears its impress, has more influence in London circles than the bucolic owner of a heavy rent-roll. In theory, no doubt, the season exists for the benefit of young ladies. The philosopher views it as a period of probation for their mothers, in which, by constant chastening and mortifications, they are ultimately led to realize the vanity of all maternal wishes, and to look forward to better hopes and higher rewards. How much misery would they spare themselves, if they could be brought to take a less mercenary view of marriage! We have sometimes pictured to ourselves the extraordinary scene that would ensue if Parliament should, in one of its idle moments, suddenly enact that the custom of Borough-English should prevail through the realm. Conceive the horror and dismay of dowager London on awaking some fine morning to find that the coveted inheritance had passed from the young Viscount to his despised and snubbed youngest brother. What a tearing of wigs and gnashing of teeth! What frenzied calculations of money thrown away and labour lost! Above all, what a sudden change of tactics! We do fashionable mothers the justice to believe they would be perfectly equal to the occasion, and would right-about-face with the utmost dexterity. Even in the midst of the overthrow of their projects, it would be no slight satisfaction to revenge themselves on their former task-masters. But they would find their former victims, enlightened by a bitter experience, very difficult to entrap.

THE FINANCIAL REFORM ASSOCIATION.

SOME short time ago, the Liverpool Financial Reformers announced in their monthly organ that, owing to financial difficulties, they were in danger of having to greatly circumscribe their operations. Since then, however, they have, on the contrary, extended their operations to the heart of the metropolis, and have made a demonstration at Guildhall, in the presence, as we read

in the *Financial Reformer* of the present month, "of one of the largest and most attentive audiences ever assembled at any meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science." To give the Liverpool delegates and their London confederates their due, it really was, as we learn from other accounts, a well packed meeting—so full, indeed, of disciplined reformers, that even a statistician like Mr. Newmarch could hardly obtain a hearing for his unreformed opinions. Nor is it surprising that the Reformers were impatient of opposition, for they had come to put the men of Social Science in possession of a project, the result of thirteen years' laborious incubation, for raising the entire public revenue with perfect equality and ease, and at insignificant cost. As the taxation of this country involves nothing less than the collection of seventy millions of money, from several millions of persons in the most different circumstances, many of whom are by no means willing or scrupulous contributors, a mere ordinary statesman or political economist might have expected that any serious plan on the subject would be of the most practical character, and would enter minutely into details. We have at least three schools of professed economists wrangling about the proper manner of raising by an income-tax one-seventh of the public revenue, and each of them denouncing the system advocated by the others as most unjust and impolitic. But the Liverpool financiers flatter themselves they have a simple device for raising the entire amount so as not only to appease the discord of the followers of Sir Robert Peel, of Mr. Hume, and of Mr. Hubbard, but to get from every man his due without expense or trouble, so that the business of the country may go on without let or hindrance of any kind. We cannot describe the proposal of the Liverpool Association better than they have themselves done in the paper they laid before the Guildhall Congress:—"We unreservedly advocate the substitutions of direct for indirect taxation to the full extent necessary for raising the whole revenue. If we be asked what particular system of direct taxation we recommend, we say it is not our province to decide. Once admitted that the principle is sound, all the rest is mere matter of detail. But if pressed, we point to the existing income-tax." While people are already boiling with indignation at the inequalities, inconveniences, and impertinences, real or imaginary, of the existing income-tax, the Reformers command that the furnace shall be made one seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated. Instead of ten millions, seventy millions are to be gathered within the folds of the five schedules. To the Liverpool sages, this appears as easy as A B C; and if, indeed, they stop at the letter C in the schedules, their projected income-tax has certainly the merit, which Mr. Mill accords to it, of being "a very easy form of plunder." But if they proceed to the letter D, which denotes a class of taxpayers less easily amerced against their own consent, an unexplained difficulty presents itself. It has been already proved, by ample experience, that ninepence, or even sevenpence, in the pound cannot be quite evenly or quietly snipped off the annual profits of trades and professions. If, then, an attempt were made to fleece them of sixty-three pence or 5s. 3d. in the pound, would not much cry and little wool be forthcoming to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's shears?

Before making the experiment, at any rate we ought to be satisfied that the present mixed system of direct and indirect taxation is really as unproductive, hurtful, and unjust as the Financial Reformers allege. The argument by which they attempt to prove that the cost of collecting the Customs duties is enormous, affords a good specimen of the political arithmetic of Financial Reform. About three and a quarter per cent. of the whole amount of duty collected must be deducted to maintain the Custom House establishments at all the different ports together. This average estimate is not disputed by the Reformers, but they affirm that at the smallest ports the rate of collection ranges from twenty-five to nearly three thousand per cent. "At Wigton, 7 officers collect 54L, and receive 705L for their trouble, and at Campbeltown 4 officers receive 471L for handing over to the Commissioners of Customs the sum of 17L." At the principal ports, the cost of collection does not much exceed two and a half per cent.; but, as the same establishment which will collect a large sum may be necessary to collect a small one at the ports where the amount of duty actually taken is insignificant, the cost of obtaining it would appear extravagant if we looked only to the smallest ports. But the comparison is altogether absurd. A part of the cost of protecting the revenue at the great ports is the cost of collecting it at the small ones, by which goods would otherwise enter to escape the duty. The officers engaged at the smallest ports are engaged in protecting the whole Customs revenue, and the cost of collection can therefore only be estimated by a comparison of the total expenditure with the total receipts. Would it be a good argument in favour of Mr. Bright's doctrine that we purchase national independence at an extravagant price, to urge that the protection of the inhabitants of Portsmouth costs the country the whole military and naval expenditure at that port? Does the expense of sending the mails to the Shetland Isles prove the whole penny postage system to be a failure? The recovery of stolen goods by the apprehension and conviction of the thief may cost the owner and the public fifty times the value of the goods; but does it follow that it is absurd to protect property since the protection sometimes costs more than the property is worth? The Reformers put the cost of collecting the income-tax at two and a half per cent., which is only three-quarters per cent. less than the

average cost of the Customs. But that is the cost of collecting ninepence in the pound from a few hundred thousand persons, which is a very different matter from collecting the whole revenue by direct taxation, checking fraud and evasion under schedule D when the percentage had risen to several shillings, making cabin-men and navvies stand and deliver, and suppressing Wat Tyler insurrections against a poll-tax.

The next charge against the present mode of raising the revenue is that it taxes the poorest classes the most heavily. The working classes are assured, in stimulating addresses, that property derives all the benefit of the protection of the State, while poverty bears most of the expense. But the fact is that the poor benefit in a much greater proportion from the State, and contribute in a smaller proportion. "If" (to use Mr. Mill's words) "we wanted to estimate the degree of benefit which different persons derive from the protection of Government, we should have to consider who would suffer most if that protection were withdrawn—to which question, if any answer could be made, it would be that those would suffer most who were weakest by nature or position. Such persons would almost infallibly be slaves." The rich could pay for their own protection. They could hire private policemen as they do servants. But only a central government can protect the poor, and every throne in Europe was established on that popular foundation. And as the poor benefit most from the protection of the State, they benefit almost alone from its public charities; and the public expenditure, even when misapplied, is laid out chiefly in wages. And while the poorest classes thus benefit in a greater proportion from the State than their superiors, they contribute in a smaller proportion. The entire amount of imperial and local taxation does not fall short of ninety millions, of which the incomes of 100L a year and upwards pay more than sixty millions, while the incomes which escape the income-tax pay less than thirty millions. As an instance of the justness of the Reformers' estimate of the incidence of taxation, as well as of the elegance of their style, we quote the following sentence from the paper they contributed to the scientific proceedings at Guildhall:—"It is a most humiliating reflection that, towards our great and magnificent expenditure, a quota is extracted from every spoonful of treacle with which a pauper child sups its porridge." Swift contended, with some show of reason, that Woods' halfpence would ruin the very beggars; but the stupidest paupers in our work-houses will hardly be persuaded by the Financial Reformers that they are mulcted in the price of their sugar for the benefit of the rate-payers.

The Reformers are, moreover, loud for the freedom of trade. By a blundering plagiarism from Bastiat's "Economic Sophisms," they argue that, while we spend millions in overcoming natural obstacles to commerce, such as seas, mountains, and rivers, with absurd inconsistency we spend vast sums more in raising artificial obstacles to it by custom-house charges. Protective duties for the exclusion of foreign commodities, to which alone Bastiat referred, are certainly open to this criticism; but it is totally inapplicable to taxation for the purpose of revenue. It is not to be denied that a perfectly just and economical system of direct taxation would be desirable if it were possible. But it would be possible only if all men were true and just in all their dealings; and our whole system of jurisprudence and policy is founded on the fact that they are not so. If they were, there would be no necessity for indirect taxation, because there would be no necessity for taxation of any kind. If ten millions are not honestly paid to the income-tax, what chance would there be of the collection of seventy millions, unless from realized property alone, which is the form of direct taxation the chief Liverpool agitators have always recommended. It is not, however, very clear what they mean by property. If they mean land and the funds alone, the net annual income from the two does not amount to the sum required for the whole revenue. If they mean to include along with land all the other sources of revenue classed under Schedule A, they mean a tax of more than fifty per cent. on the gross profits from buildings, railways, mines, quarries, gas-works, and other employments of capital which could not be carried on under such a tax, and without which the rest of the business of the country could not be carried on. If, lastly, they mean by property every article of visible and tangible wealth, they seek to impose a tax on thrift in favour of prodigal expenditure, and to cut down the national hedge to the last stake. The prudent operative with a neat cottage would be heavily amerced, while his drunken neighbour would escape because of wasting his substance on riotous living.

But the policy and justice of indirect taxation ever so clear, we admit that it cannot stand alone, and must be balanced by direct assessments—a consideration which the Chancellor of the Exchequer entirely overlooks when he speaks of the income-tax as temporary. With the same splendid improvidence in debate which he sometimes displays in finance, he throws away an argument as he would a tax, and gives agitators occasion to complain that the burdens which bear chiefly on the rich are about to be removed, while those which press heaviest on the poor are meant to be retained. As if in commiseration of the imbecility of the Financial Reformers, he seems bent on putting them into possession of at least one reasonable argument.

ANSWERS TO ADVERTISEMENTS.

EVERY man possessed of a moderate stock of worldly wisdom is a little cautious in making known his wants to the public through the medium of an advertisement. There is no possible harm in advertising, and great good. Your requirements may be stated concisely, modestly, and — what is not always the case — grammatically. You may fully intend to deal conscientiously with those who respond to your appeal. Nothing can seem more natural and reasonable. Yet it is not the less true that the very fact of publishing your wants — particularly if you descend into details — places you at a disadvantage, and lays you open to imposition. Say that you advertise for a serious gamekeeper, or for a ladies'-maid who prefers the country to the town, or for quiet apartments in Piccadilly. There is no objection to your endeavouring to secure any one of these articles, and — except, perhaps, the quiet apartments — patient inquiry may in process of time obtain for you what you want. But a public announcement places you at the mercy of the evil-disposed. You have proclaimed your weak points, and will probably suffer for it. Your serious gamekeeper will very likely prove to be a convicted poacher, who, having been carefully taught to write at the county gaol, turned his accomplishment to account by forging the unctuous testimonials that induced you to secure his services. Your ladies'-maid, so weary of a town life, and pining for country air, is possibly a young person summarily turned out of doors for improper behaviour by her virtuous employers, who tempered justice with mercy by presenting her with a very excellent character. Your apartments are perhaps as quiet as can be expected in Piccadilly, but an amateur photographer occupies the floor below, and fills the house with an abominable smell of collodion, whilst a gentleman of unsound mind — said to be harmless — is taken care of on the floor above, and makes grimaces at you every time you meet him on the stairs.

There is one branch of advertising — the scholastic or educational branch — which at first sight seems tolerably plain sailing, and free from the perils and hindrances just glanced at. An unsuccessful schoolmaster or clergyman of slender income advertises for boys, and seems to be on pretty safe ground. A boy is a boy. Be he vicious, stupid, noisy, or sickly, it does not greatly matter — there are ways and means of dealing with him, if the parents "come down handsome." At all events, the worthy incumbent of Slosin-in-the-Marsh down in the Fens of Lincolnshire, with augmenting family and stationary income, feels equal to any emergency, and will try his hand with as many young gentlemen as he can conveniently stow away in the attics of the parsonage. So the incumbent of Slosin-in-the-Marsh boldly launches an advertisement into half-a-dozen respectable papers — avoiding the penny press, of course, because his excellent wife has aristocratic blood in her veins, and shrinks from everything low. That advertisement — what labour it cost the worthy man and his affectionate helpmate! A score of abortive efforts were made before the correct form was hit off, and when it was done the chief credit of the composition rested with the female part of the establishment. The incumbent objected to offering "a Christian home," and thought it savoured of the conventicle. But the objection raised a shout of indignant surprise from mother and daughters, who asked him whether his household were "a pack of heathens?" And the good incumbent was shut up. Then he hesitated at the promise of "maternal solicitude," and suggested, by way of compromise, the words, "almost paternal care." But the female forces rallied to the rescue, and denounced "paternal care" as stale and commonplace. "Maternal solicitude" was a touching phrase, and would go straight to the hearts of any parents not actually made of stone. So the incumbent again knocked under. Even the phrase, "picturesque parsonage," rather stuck in the throat of the good man. But there was an outcry of treble voices round him rebuking his morbid scrupulosity, and vehemently declaring "the dear old parsonage" the very beau ideal of the picturesque — a lonely house in a waste and level moor, with a weeping willow and a duck-pond in the foreground. And so the ladies carried the day. Finally, the advertisement went to press, inviting any number of small boys to the outspread arms of the learned but benevolent incumbent of Slosin-in-the-Marsh, "M.A. Cambridge (Hon.)," and his amiable lady, "accustomed to the care of children requiring delicate nurture." The concluding sentence was a happy stroke thrown in at the last moment, and founded upon the fact that the amiable lady's three youngest had had a bad time of it in the measles.

Answers to the advertisement in this case dropped in rather slowly. Perhaps Slosin-in-the-Marsh did not sound inviting; perhaps the terms — 200*l.* a year for each boy — seemed a trifle high. The incumbent thought they had better have said "terms moderate." The women persisted that it was the correct thing to name a high figure, since it of course suggested corresponding advantages. However that may be, there was a little delay before any really promising reply came to hand. At length the patience of the incumbent, and the unflagging energy of his wife and daughters met with merited reward. The following letter arrived from abroad, the original of which is in our hands at this moment:

Immediate and Important. Via Calais.

Hotel Fürstenberg,

Rouen,

Sur le Rhin.

Shrove Tuesday.

Colonel Dawson would like to have all particulars, as he has three sons, aged 9, 10, 11, just from India, who he is most anxious to place with some country

clergyman, who would treat them in all respects as members of his family, as he would n't place them in any unhealthy town, or in any public school, as he wishes their morals and constitution to be carefully looked after. He will give 240*l.* per annum for all three, as they are brothers, and would only require a three-bedded room.

Revnd. D. D.,

Slosin-in-the-Marsh, Lincolnshire.

The attentive reader may detect in Colonel Dawson's emphatic communication a slight savour of vulgarity, likely to arouse suspicions in the breast of an incumbent whose wits were not wholly obfuscated by the fogs of Lincolnshire. But the reader must not be too hasty. Who has not, in the course of his life, been taken in by a fraud craftily adjusted to meet his fondest wishes, and induce him heartily to hope it not to be a fraud? Besides, the Rev. D. D. is not the sole arbiter in the case. There is Mrs. D. D., and the Misses D. D., all of sanguine disposition and impulsive temperament. And that delicious heading to the letter, "Shrove Tuesday!" What a strong yet unobtrusive intimation that the gallant Colonel was not only a pious Christian but a sound Churchman! It carried tremendous weight with the ladies of the household. "What, my dear, an impostor, and head his letter with Shrove Tuesday? Who ever heard of impostors having the Church Calendar at their fingers' ends? My dear, you're not a man of the world, and never will be!" So said the incumbent's lady, and the girls warmly supported her. Besides, there could be no harm in answering the letter. To be sure the Colonel appeared oblivious of the wholesome custom of preparing letters from abroad. But then only conceive if the Colonel's intentions were really and truly honourable! To lose a batch of three small boys — just from India — value 240*l.* per annum, would be a family misfortune too painful to contemplate. So the good incumbent bowed to the ruling power, and penned an appropriate reply to the Colonel's letter, not forgetting, as a gentleman and a clergyman, to pay the postage.

The rejoinder was not long delayed. On the envelope were the stirring words, "Most important." The Colonel evidently took a serious view of the course he proposed to adopt with his three boys. In point of fact he seemed to be a little more fussy than necessary. But then old Indian officers are fussy. What more natural than a dash of pomposity in the bearing of a distinguished Anglo-Indian, familiar with the cringing homage of hundreds of native servants? So far all was well. The letter was torn open with impatience. It commenced thus —

Dear and Reverend Sir.

This was satisfactory. The Colonel was evidently impressed by the good clergyman's letter, and passed from the dignity of the third person to the courteous familiarity of a more direct mode of address. How kind and gracious of the gallant officer! How encouraging to modest merit and secluded piety!

Dear and Reverend Sir,

I have duly received your answer, and I would be most happy in consequence of its most satisfactory contents, to bring you my sons *at once*, and to leave them with you *three years* at least, upon the terms I have already offered, but for the following circumstances. We left Calcutta, India, twelve months ago, and on arrival at Cairo, Egypt, had fully intended continuing on to Alexandria, and there taking the steamer for Southampton direct, but the vicinity of the *Holy Land* proving too attractive to my wife and daughters, I was forced to alter my plans, and bring them to Jerusalem, Nazareth, Dead Sea, the Jordan, all over Palestine, and thence to Beyrouth, Damascus, Tripoli, and by steam to Smyrna, Constantinople, up the Danube in twenty days to Vienna, passing by Wallachia, Moldavia, and Hungary, and thence all across Southern Germany to Innsbruck, Munich, Stuttgart, Mannheim, and down the Rhine hither.

As long as the Colonel hovered about the *Holy Land*, the incumbent, his wife, and assembled family imbibed the particulars of his tour with respectful — not to say reverential — attention. True, it was slightly inconsistent with military firmness of character to dart off at a tangent whilst *en route* for Southampton, simply in compliance with the promptings of feminine curiosity. But then the *Holy Land*! How good of the Colonel to yield a point or two for the sake of catching a glimpse of that deeply-interesting country! How pious and every way worthy of the man who headed his first letter with "Shrove Tuesday!" But it must be confessed that considerable perplexity began to steal over the faces of the family circle as the Colonel proceeded to unfold the tale of his extraordinary peregrinations during the last twelve months. What on earth had Moldavia, Wallachia, not to say Vienna, to do with the attractions of the *Holy Land*? However, let the Colonel go on with his interesting narrative: —

This most expensive and unforeseen *détour* has put out of my pocket 1,200 guineas, and we are in consequence forced to *halt* here, until we get our supplies from India. Anticipating this *dénouement*, I wrote out three weeks ago to my agents and solicitors at Calcutta to call forthwith on my bankers there, Forbes and Co., and get them, without a day's delay, to forward my dividends, and, as a letter *out* takes six weeks, and the answer back the same period, I cannot receive my money before 21st of May, when I will touch over 1,200*l.* If my sons were happy with you, I would procure you in May three more Anglo-Indian boys — nephews of Sir Peter Grant, the present Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal — who are then coming over with their uncle, like mine now, for their European education, and you would thereby secure a powerful Indian connection.

Possibly the incumbent might have been not altogether satisfied with some portions of the preceding explanation, but the pleasing vision of three more Anglo-Indian boys, to be followed by a steady influx of the same article, pale, interesting, and dyspeptic, excited the expectations of the whole family, and induced them to read on without pause.

As my boys, continues the Colonel, are intended for the Anglo-Indian cavalry, I should wish them to have frequent *equestrian* exercise, for

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which, of course, I'll pay additional. As to your references, I shall not trouble them. Your giving them *unasked*, coupled with the fact of your being a clergyman, is quite sufficient guarantee for the happiness and future progress of our darling children."

Confiding Colonel! affectionate father! the hearts of the ladies of the household warm towards him, and towards the young Anglo-Indian cavalry officers that are to be. What with the Dawsons and the Grants, and other future importations from "Calcutta, India," the parsonage will need another wing added to it, and a commodious stable for the chargers of the young gentlemen intended for the cavalry. But at this point, we grieve to say, the whole character of the letter abruptly changes, and gloom, black as night, settles upon the family circle:—

It would cost me (observes the Colonel) at least *35l.* or *45l.* to bring myself and sons to your house, and if you wish to receive them with the prospective certainty of having their cousins the Grants in May, I will bring them over to you, if you will kindly enable me to do so by enclosing me forthwith in a registered letter a Bank of England note for *thirty-five* or *forty* pounds. A registered letter cannot be lost or misappropriated. If, therefore, my offer is accepted, you must be so kind as to send me the registered letter by return of post, as I cannot be kept in needless suspense here, nor have my children *idling* in this Rhenish village till end of May. Hundreds of your profession would be too eager to send me treble the amount to secure my children on such liberal terms for three years, and if on this day week, the 23rd, I don't receive your registered letter, then with *deep regret* I shall be obliged on Monday the 24th to open a negotiation with some other clergyman. Hoping, however, most sincerely to be able to leave this with them for your house on the 23rd, and to be able to thank you in person on the 28th at latest,

I remain,
Most faithfully yours,
ALFRED DAWSON.

P.S.—As this is Sunday *prepayment* is impossible.

Most excellent Alfred! you played your game with tolerable skill, but *35l.* or *40l.* "in a registered letter" is no joke. A thunderbolt falling from a cloudless sky could not have startled the inmates of the parsonage more thoroughly than such a proposal. What if the Colonel should alter his mind as soon as he "will touch" the registered letter? What if he should start forthwith for the *Holy Land*, obedient to some enthusiastic caprice of wife, daughters, and Anglo-Indian juveniles? What, horrible thought, if Colonel Alfred Dawson should be nothing more nor less than a myth? — a heartless impostor trifling with the best feelings of our nature, and basely putting the good incumbent to the expense of three shillings postage.

Such an impudent attempt to swindle seems at first sight preposterous. Would any man not absolutely imbecile despatch *35l.* or *40l.* in a registered letter to Colonel Alfred Dawson to enable him to bring his three "darling children" to England? Would any man, calmly examining the style and the tenor of the Colonel's letter, imagine for a moment it was anything else than an impudent attempt to swindle? It would be rash to be too positive on the subject. Once accept the original answer to the advertisement as a *bona fide* communication from Colonel Dawson, of the "Anglo-Indian" service, and it is not easy to say how far you might be carried in the same direction. The man who hesitates under such circumstances is often lost. He reasons thenceforward on a foregone conclusion, and sinks deeper in the mire at every step. The Colonel committed himself by over-eagerness to clutch the prize dangling almost within his grasp. Had he played with his fish a little longer — humoured him cautiously and given him more line — we are by no means confident that a "registered letter" containing a Bank of England note would not have been duly posted by the estimable incumbent of Sloss-in-the-Marsh, and have found its way to the ingenuous scoundrel, whether male or female, who enacted the part of Colonel Alfred Dawson, late of "Calcutta, India," sojourning at that "Rhenish village," with wife and daughters, full of reminiscences of the "*Holy Land*," and three boys, aged nine, ten, and eleven, intended for the Anglo-Indian Cavalry. Fortunately for the worthy incumbent, the incautious haste of his correspondent irreparably spoiled an otherwise hopeful game.

THE MILITARY POSITIONS IN AMERICA.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD'S skilful retreat from Corinth to Okalona has placed seventy miles of country between himself and the invading army. The position which he now holds, and where he is said to have 80,000 men under him, is a station on the Mobile and Ohio railway, about thirty miles from the eastern frontier of the State of Mississippi, and its distance from Corinth is about two-thirds of that which the Federals have traversed since they captured Fort Donelson three months ago. Their progress at that rate amounting to little more than one mile per day, it will require two months to complete the next stage, unless an acceleration which we have no reason to expect should be given to their future movements. As General Beauregard seems to have succeeded in withdrawing his artillery and stores, this change of position will rather increase than diminish his comparative strength. It will draw the Federals away from the river Tennessee, deprive them of the immediate co-operation of the gunboats, and, by obliging them to employ a part of their force in securing their communications, will give the Confederate commander the opportunity of fighting a battle upon better terms. The Memphis and Charleston railway, which crosses the Mobile and Ohio railway at Corinth, having been previously made impracticable for his service on each side by the

enemy's operations, he sacrificed nothing in abandoning the junction, and there are no detached parts of the Confederate army which will be compromised by his retreat. We have no details to show that the nature of the ground at Corinth offered defensive advantages which cannot be found elsewhere. It does not require much time to throw up a few of those entrenchments which always appear formidable to the Federals until they are abandoned; and consequently there is every reason to suppose that the approaches towards Okalona will be conducted with the same precautions and the same slowness as those upon Corinth. The fact of Beauregard himself being on his way to Richmond shows that he is under no apprehension of any immediate collision.

The possession of Memphis, which is only ninety-three miles from Corinth by railway, will make the Federals less dependent upon their former line of communications with Paducah and Cairo; but the security of this route will be purchased only by guarding carefully every point where a marauding party could do damage by breaking up the rails or destroying the bridges. Memphis was one of those towns which took the lead in the early days of secession, and it shows as little disposition to welcome its conquerors and rehoist the Union flag as New Orleans did on a similar occasion. Still, its possession and occupation by a sufficient force will give additional safety to General Halleck's army; and the rumours which come from Eastern Tennessee suggest that the Federal rear is in danger of suffering from that quarter an onslaught more serious than the one which has lately been made in the valley of the Shenandoah. Their forces on that side of the State are at Chattanooga and Cumberland Gap. The former is at the point where the Memphis and Charleston railway meets the river Tennessee, close to the borders of Georgia and Alabama. The latter is in the Cumberland mountains, at the exact point where the boundary between Kentucky and Virginia diverges from the northern frontier of Tennessee. Consequently there is an interval of 150 miles between them, and the intervening country is of a mountainous nature. Knoxville is on the route from one to the other, and has a railway to Chattanooga, but none to Cumberland Gap. Towards this part of Tennessee General Buell has been despatched; but a Confederate force under Floyd was, a little while ago, reported to be in the neighbourhood of Sparta, which is eighty miles to the west of Knoxville, and half-way between it and Nashville — in which case, the Federal line is already pierced, and a blow may be struck at any point of its rear. The consequences of such a blow, if it were adequately followed up, would be far more fatal than was the case at Front Royal and Winchester, because the Federals are at a considerable distance from any place where they would be able to rally.

At Huntsville, a town between Chattanooga and Corinth, and situated on the same line of railway, there is another division of the Federal troops; and, the Mississippi being now in their hands, their line of posts is pretty well designated by the following marked features which would be shown on any common map: — The Mississippi river, from New Orleans to Memphis — the frontier of Mississippi State, from that river to the Tennessee — and the Tennessee or its tributaries up to the neighbourhood of Cumberland Gap. Further to the north-east, there are a few troops in the valley of the Kanawha or along the course of the Greenbrier river, which runs at the foot of the westernmost ridge of the Alleghany mountains in Virginia. These troops, it is to be presumed, will be pushed forward, if circumstances permit, to be united with those in the Shenandoah valley. Some time ago they were mentioned as making a dash at Covington, whence there is a railway to Richmond, passing through Staunton and Gordonsville; but the information from that quarter is scanty, and, except when such an engagement happens, we are left to infer what the relative situations may be.

The latest accounts from the Shenandoah show that the Federals have recovered the ground from which General Jackson so suddenly drove them; but he has escaped from Fremont's pursuit, and his diversion has had all the success which could be expected from it. The reports that he has been reinforced by 12,000 men from Beauregard's army are no doubt founded upon some accession to his strength; but it seems hardly probable that they should have come from Beauregard, when we consider that the two armies are seven hundred miles apart, and that there has been no direct railway communication between them since part of the line to the east of Corinth was occupied by the Federals. There is a line from Pensacola to Richmond by Montgomery, Atlanta (in Georgia), and Knoxville; but the communications between it and the Mobile line are still incomplete at any point south of Florence.

In McClellan's position no change has of late taken place. His army is described as occupying a curved line of fifteen miles' extent on the north and east sides of Richmond, where he has just been joined by McDowell from Fredericksburg, and is ready to unite with any other forces which may come from the Alleghany mountains. Besides the forces already mentioned as threatening Richmond from the north, the troops which took possession of Norfolk are ready, when sufficiently reinforced by Burnside, to advance from the east. This will require to be done with caution, as they are separated from McClellan by the James River, but the gunboats will form a link to connect them with the main body, and make the operation less hazardous. If they succeed in establishing themselves beyond City Point, they will command the road to Petersburg, which, being an important railway junction, twenty-two miles south of Richmond, seems the most advisable point for the Confederates to fall back upon if they are compelled to retreat. At Burkesville, forty miles to the west of Petersburg, is another

junction, but of less value, as the line which leads southerly is incomplete between Danville and Greensboro'.

By a glance at the map, it will be seen that the line we have indicated as representing that of the Federal occupation cuts off a large portion of the Southern States; but it must be remembered that Kentucky, Tennessee, and the north-west part of Virginia, which compose it, were never so ardent as the rest in favour of secession, and were not likely to offer an opposition so determined as will be encountered elsewhere. Kentucky declared itself neutral, and one part of Virginia threw in its lot with the North. Consequently, the results obtained in them are no criterion of what may be expected in districts whose interests and connexions make them unanimous in resisting the invasion. It should also be observed that a part of the district is crossed by two great navigable rivers which have materially influenced the fate of the campaign. When we consider that the Federals had a far more numerous population to furnish recruits, and far greater means of manufacturing or purchasing the most deadly arms in use, besides an overwhelming superiority of naval force, the only cause for wonder is that they should not have made greater strides towards driving the armies of the South out of the field, whatever they might have done towards reducing the people to subjection. The explanation lies in the simple fact that they had no proper workmen for the task, and that officers and men had to learn the rudiments of their profession at the time when they should have been practising it. There was no want of individual ability, but only of general training. The whole war has been a forcible illustration of the necessity of previous military system and discipline for large bodies of men employed in military operations.

THE FOREIGN PICTURES AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

IF there were an International Exhibition at Berlin, which there may be some day, when Prussia has made up its mind to be a great country, English and French pictures would both be classed together as foreign. The philosophical Prussian would then speculate on the characteristics we and the French have in common, and would contrast them with all that he was pleased to call specially German. That this is possible is quite enough to make us on our guard against finding too much resemblance, and carrying out any very arbitrary classification in what we here call the foreign schools. No one can learn or know much of the foreign galleries who does not keep the different national schools apart. We naturally keep them apart as we go through the rooms, and it is only as an after-thought that we begin to make general remarks applying to all or to several of them. Each of the principal schools has quite enough of its own to give it a character that we can retain in our memory. The French pictures, for example, give us the general impression of being the product of a learned school—of a school that insists on practising the drawing of the human figure as the chief object of artistic effort, and that unites an arbitrary finish with an arbitrary rudeness and want of finish. Where they choose to finish minutely, they attain the perfection of the cabinet pictures of Meissonnier, and where they choose not to finish, they have whole feet of such blurred green background as fills up the canvas of Fromentin. The Germans are very badly represented here, but enough is exhibited to show their conscientious, highly cultivated mediocrity, their cold ambition, and the great success in massive scenic effect they sometimes attain. We may scarcely know whether to study or pass by such good, honest representations of mountain scenery as those of Hansch (1101 and 1102). We may give over to the dogs of our contempt the religious art made to order at so much the square foot, which can be had in any quantity in Germany. We may refuse to envy the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin the vast expanse over which his Schloepcke has delineated "The Death of Niclot, King of the Obotrites" (776); but we must acknowledge that the whole collection has little that is grander to show than Piloty's "Nero" (764), and that few pictures have so much happiness of colour and nobleness of design as Richter's "Raising of Jairus' Daughter" (768). The Norwegian and the Swedish pictures astonish us by their unexpected excellence. The landscapes of Dahl and the master figure-pieces of Tideman and Amalia Lindegren are at once true, masterly, and pleasing. They do not, indeed, give us anything very new or special in art, for they are only very good pictures in a manner that is familiar to us, but they have a charm beyond that of their merits in the surprise they awaken that such little countries so far north should produce anything so good. In the Belgian Room, although the line of painting in which Gallait shines—that of historical figures of the full size—is one seldom attempted successfully here, and although his pictures are the great features of the gallery, yet the general impression produced is that Belgian art is much more like English than the art of any other country is. Such sketches of heath scenery as 1779 and 1807 are distinguished by no marked differences from English landscapes. The "Joan of Arc" of Van Lerius (1858), is bright with an intensity of colour which makes us think of Hunt and Millais; and it would not be difficult to find an English parallel to the picture of Leys—so painstaking, so full of sentiment, and so carefully conceived after the manner of an antiquated school. The Spanish school is saved from the air of nonentity which, in spite of one or two clever landscapes, attaches to the Swiss school; because one Spanish artist offers us the masterly execution of Padilla (1849); and another, the forcible portrait of Senor Varela (1955). Over the shortcomings of Italy we will draw a friendly

veil. It may, however, afford the moralist a lesson on the instability of human greatness if he observes that it is the country of Raffaelle that has sent us Bompiani's "Australia" (2559).

Although, however, these pictures, coming from nations so different, are not to be rudely classed together, there are certain general features running through a large portion of the foreign pictures on which an English student may profitably dwell. In the first place, the really great excellence of the French, the German, and the Belgian schools—the excellence which they have in an obviously higher degree than we have—is the representation of the human form. This appears in three principal lines. First, there are the representations of men in action, of groups, of battles, and of historical scenes. Probably the superiority of foreign schools to our own in these is largely owing to a very simple cause. The public are the purchasers abroad, and hang the pictures in galleries; private people are the purchasers here, and hang their pictures in dining-rooms. Perhaps much of the Continental patronage is thrown away so far as artistic excellence goes. French painters, cleverly as they have learnt to treat battle scenes, can scarcely be carried forward in art by being engaged to depict two or three hundred pairs of red trowsers in an atmosphere of smoke. But, taken at its best, this figure-painting on a grand scale is a very high branch of art, and admits of the most unlimited diversity of excellence. Perhaps if, out of so many, we were to invite a spectator to study one specimen of each school, we should select Delaroche's "Marie Antoinette" (113), Richter's "Raising of Jairus' Daughter" (768), and Gallait's "Last Moments of Count Egmont" (1795). All these are alike in some respects. All are full of poetry, all are highly finished, all produce something of awe in the midst of the admiration they awaken. Yet no pictures could be more different, or more clearly belong to different schools. Secondly, this taste for representing the human form takes the shape of artistic exercises in design. There are French artists who paint to try their powers in drawing just as there are English painters who paint to try their powers in colouring. The judgment of critics has long ago placed Ingres at the head of these French artists, and English spectators may see in his picture of the "Spring" (79), how perfect the drawing of the outline of the human frame can be, and how much can be sacrificed to giving it. Most visitors will find greater pleasure, if not greater instruction, in the graceful designs which shine through the drapery of the *fin de figures* in Aubert's "Confession" (119), and "Reverie" (120). Thirdly, there are the portraits in which, if we take away the English masters of the last century, foreigners have a clear superiority over us. They put so much more into the face, so much more meaning and vivacity. Nor is this only apparent in the representation of furrowed, thoughtful, and masculine faces, but it is found in young female faces quite as much. Let any one who wishes to examine foreign art in this respect study Flandrin's "Jeune Fille à l'Eillet" (174), or Dubufe's "Rose Bonheur" (54), or Richter's "Portrait of a Lady" (769), or the prettiest of all the pretty pictures in the Gallery, Schrotzberg's "Empress of Austria" (1129).

We also find through a large portion of the foreign Galleries the same faults. And the chief of these faults seem to be deadness, and want of thoroughness of execution, and recourse to conventional effects. The want of colour in many French pictures is disagreeable to the English eye, and as we venture to think indefensible on principle. The French have a turn for sombre groups in an artificial grey light, which appears to us to be an appeal to a false sentimentalism, and not a representation of an effect that is either attractive or like real life. Take, for instance, Gleyre's "Illusions Destroyed" (90). An Ionian philosopher is supposed to see a bark go by, on which a dozen girls are drawn up, with grim Grecian faces, in the last stage of dreariness, and the philosopher is reflecting that he once would have wished to go with them, but now is old enough to know that there would be nothing in it. Even people who are neither old nor philosophical might easily curb a wish to join those gloomy maidens. The setting sun is going down straight behind them, but they are much too grim and Grecian to be lit up by his rays. All this is a device of the artist in order that he may show us how he can sentimentalize over the evening of life. There are many pictures in the Foreign Galleries with an absence of colour almost as remarkable; and the fault of a slovenliness of execution is even more common. We have already spoken of the wonderful backgrounds of Fromentin, but he is nearly rivalled by a host of others. There is picture after picture in the minor schools, where there is, perhaps, a cow or two and a big tree in the foreground, and the whole of the rest of the picture is painted in the well-known tea-tray style—a blotch of purple for the mountains, and a blotch of blue for the sky. There are also many little effects, more especially effects of light, which foreign artists appear to learn when young, and think it a pity not to insert into the pictures of later life. There is, more especially, the disposition of light coming through a high window and tipping a succession of heads, which is repeated over and over again on French canvas.

We naturally look to galleries where Catholicism is represented to see how religious art is getting on abroad. The high religious school of Germany is not represented here, but enough is exhibited of Continental religious art in general to enable us to see its general course and character. It appears to us that in one direction religious art is fast fading away into utter deadness and unreality, and in another direction it is gaining new life and force. The old religious feeling is merely sentimentalism when repeated now. The mixture of angels and saints with their appropriate medieval

emblems has no hold on the mind of the painter, and therefore can have none on the mind of the spectator. We have pictures like that of the "Annunciation" by Amaury Duval (64), in which a conventional lilac angel is offering a lily to a feeble gentle Virgin. The picture is exactly fit to go into one of the spick and span new Catholic churches, all gilding, and stars and tinsel. It is a prettiness that is supposed to be edifying, not to the man who paints it, or the priests who order it, but to some possible, unknown, ignorant peasants. Then there are such pictures as the "Holy Family," of Carl Müller—which is exactly fit to hang in the gallery of a Grand Duke who has what is called a knowledge of art—that is, who can talk about most of the famous pictures of the world, and is a mere measurable quantity of reminiscences of Raffaelle. But there is also a branch of religious art which shows its great strength here—that which represents the scenes of the Gospel history as incidents of human life, but appealing with unusual force to our sympathy and veneration. The picture we have so frequently mentioned, Richter's "Raising of Lazarus," is the most conspicuous and striking example of this style of painting. But a still higher level of feeling and of art is reached in Delaroche's three little scenes from the history of the Virgin at the time of the Crucifixion. They are pictures to study, inch by inch. Everything is so simple and so true. The Virgin is so thoroughly a plain Jewess, and yet a woman torn by an agony of deep grief, and exalted by her meditations and her trials. This is the religious art which we feel sure has the future before it, and which, even in Catholic countries, will, little by little, drive into oblivion the dreams and the fancies of modern Continental mediævalism.

THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

Second Notice.

IT is a pity that the Show which the Agricultural Society offered to the public could not be kept open long enough to give the public time to make up its mind to go there. In this respect exhibitions of inanimate objects have an immense advantage over those of living creatures. Instead of complaining of the shortness of the time which has been allowed for visiting the Cattle Show, we rather wonder that so many valuable animals have been exposed for a week to the fatigues and risks of a public exhibition. The award of a prize is, no doubt, a very gratifying distinction, but greatness has its trouble whether it is supported by two legs or four. Not to speak of the peculiar and unseemly hardships inflicted on certain poor cows, there were some of the bulls cruelly afflicted with the burden of their own fat. It is no easy matter for one of these overfed animals to lie down, and no sooner was the movement accomplished than some visitor would be sure to desire the huge creature to stand up. The sufferings of that week at Battersea will remain indelibly impressed upon the bovine mind, and if it be desired at any time to render a bull who has been in this exhibition furious, it will surely suffice to show him a prize-ticket, or to attempt to drive him on the London road. After all possible precautions for the safety and comfort of the animals exhibited, this Show must be a cause of great anxiety to their owners and suffering to them, and therefore it would be unreasonable to complain that it only lasted a single week. But if it had been practicable to prolong it, the Society might have obtained larger profits, for it does not seem likely that the attendance would have fallen off, but, on the contrary, all persons who had been would have told all their friends that they really must contrive to go and see the Cattle Show. The advertised hour of final closing was six o'clock on Wednesday evening, and half an hour before that time whole steamboats' full of people were being discharged at Battersea Pier. Some of these people seemed to have come from the International Exhibition, and to be intending to do the Cattle before going to a theatre or to Cremorne. No doubt they would all have got into the grounds where the Show was held, and, being once in, they would be difficult to turn out. They would not have seen much of the original arrangements of the Show, but they would have seen the breaking-up of it, which, perhaps, would be the most picturesque part. Everybody who saw the horses moving round the oval space enclosed for them, will pronounce the sight infinitely superior to that of the same horses shut up in their boxes. And so it would have been worth much more than all the time spent in gazing at standing or recumbent bulls just to see the same animals struggling with the stout tackle and strong arms which endeavoured to persuade or force them to begin their journeys to the various railways which were to bear them homewards. As soon as a young bull begins to get strong enough to be troublesome, a ring is inserted in his nose, as the only reliable means for his future government. The Scotch cattle took their departure in the course of Wednesday afternoon; and each bull had a rope attached to his nose-ring, and an attendant holding on to it as if for life or death. Many of the Scotch cattle being polled or hornless looked comparatively innocent; but there was a beautiful black Highland bull, small and active, and with a pretty pair of horns, who might have created no small consternation if he had broken loose. If he had slipped out of his keeper's hands, the Londoners in the crowd, following their usual instinct, would doubtless have called out for a policeman to take him into custody. Foreigners, who admire the authority which the policeman wields, are not perhaps aware of the responsibility which goes along with it. He is expected to prevent a well-dressed crowd from pushing; to catch impudent and light-footed little boys; to quell the

brawls of drunken soldiers; and if a lion were to walk into a breakfast-room the head of the family would probably devote any small amount of faculties he could command to bawling loudly for a policeman. Happily, at Battersea, the disorder which might otherwise have been apprehended from the departing bulls was likely to be a good deal mitigated by the inaptitude of most of the animals for active movement. In this point of view the practice which appears to prevail of fattening the bulls which are to compete for prizes deserves commendation; for if the bulls are thus made more wilful they are also made less able to indulge their wills. But in any other point of view the practice of fattening animals which are not intended to be killed, and which would not be at all nice to eat, seems a strange one. It is, perhaps, thought necessary to show that the animals can be fattened, or, perhaps, corpulence is considered an essential part of beauty. In point of taste, we think the loading-on of fat a mistake, but it is a mistake which prevails widely, although not to the extent which it did a few years ago.

This Show has furnished the best opportunity which the bulk of Londoners are ever likely to enjoy of becoming acquainted with the animals which clothe and feed them. The most genuine Cockney, if he has improved his time at Battersea, may now discuss the merits of Shorthorns and Devons with nearly as much confidence as if he were pronouncing on the quality of a beef-steak. We remarked last week of the horses exhibited at Battersea, that the specimens of some classes were not the best that could have been sent, but were those which could be sent conveniently. But in cattle and sheep there were specimens from every corner of the three kingdoms. There was a bull from Argyleshire, which we have already mentioned. There was another bull, and a very pretty one, from Antrim. In the three great classes of Herefords, Devons, and Shorthorns it may be supposed that the honoured and commended animals were the very best that art and nature have combined to bring into the world. It is wonderful to observe how, in cattle-breeding, the farmer seems in course of time to attain the result that he desires, as if by the mere force of his desire. Just as Jacob caused the cattle which he tended to bring forth young of the marks and colours which would be profitable to him, so the skilful breeder's art appears to guide the hand of nature to produce the shape and quality which he finds advantageous. To judge of the fitness of the specimens of the various kinds exhibited for the ultimate ends of producing milk, butter, cheese, and beef must be left to the experienced professional eye. Our criticism of this exhibition will be short and simple, for it will consist merely in expressing our admiration of the varied forms of beauty which were displayed in it. The first prize for shorthorned bulls, above three and under six years old, was taken by a perfectly white animal, measuring eight feet and a half round the body. Although very large, this bull was not extravagantly fat; and his shape was, in its way, quite as admirable as that of the best thorough-bred horse in another part of the exhibition. He had twenty-five companions in his class, of which the prevailing colour was roan. Sir Robert Peel exhibited a noble shorthorn bull, which is described in the catalogue as a "rich dark roan." The first prize for bulls under three years old was awarded to Mr. W. Stirling, M.P., who is elsewhere distinguished as the proprietor of several noble-looking Clydesdale horses, bred for agricultural work. One of the prizemen in the next class for bulls under two years old was Colonel Towneley, who is distinguished on the turf as having won the Derby with Kettledrum and the Oaks with Butterfly. This name of "Butterfly" seems to have been borne by Colonel Towneley's bulls before he gave it to his mare, although it may seem more suitable to the latter. There were in the four classes of shorthorned bulls and bull-calves one hundred and thirty-eight specimens, the whole of which were commended by the judges. The symmetry and beauty of the shorthorned cows was quite as remarkable as that of the bulls. There was a cow of the first or oldest class which had calved during the exhibition. The cow and calf lay together in a pen, sheltered by a piece of tent-covering spread to windward of them. Both were pure white, and the cow bore the appropriate name of Lily. There was no prettier sight in all the Show. There were a few red and red and white cattle among the Shorthorns, but these colours are rare among them. Besides the prizes to each class, a gold medal was awarded to the best male, and another to the best female animal among the Shorthorns. The best male animal was a white bull-calf under 11 months old, who was thus preferred to honour above nearly one hundred bulls. He belonged to Mr. Jonas Webb, of Cambridgeshire, whose name is familiar to the public as a breeder of sheep. The best female animal was a red and white cow, three and a half years old, bred in Yorkshire. There were, in all, two hundred and fifty specimens of shorthorned cattle. Nearly all parts of England, as well as some parts of Scotland, contributed to this division of the Show, which is in the highest degree beautiful, but lacks, perhaps, the special interest belonging to the products of any particular locality.

We may turn, by way of contrast, to the equally admirable, although less numerous, show of Devon cattle, which are nearly all of them what their name implies. The well-known colour of this class is that dark red, which in some parts of the West of England, almost matches the soil on which the cattle are reared. The bulls do not in general stand so high as the shorthorned bulls, and the ornaments of their foreheads are of medium size. This sort of bull is employed at home to do horse's work in the cart and plough, so that he does not

lead a life of mere ease and pleasure like the shorthorned bull, whose only duties seem to be to propagate his species and to grow fat. The bull in the West of England is not yoked like the ox, who is also much used there for draught purposes, but is harnessed in nearly the same way as the horse. A bull in blinkers would be thought a very odd sight by any one who saw it for the first time. It seems that this breed does not succeed equally in all places like the shorthorns, or else it is not fancied equally. With the exception of five specimens bred upon the late Prince Consort's farm at Windsor, and one bred in Hertfordshire, all the winners of prizes and commendations in the Devon classes came from the Western counties, and both the gold medals for the best animals have been adjudged to a breeder in Devonshire itself. The yeomanlike name of James Davy, of North Molton, Devon, suggests the observation that the breeding of this class of cattle appears to be principally in the hands of those who live by it, whereas the shorthorns are, almost equally with race-horses, a luxury of noble and wealthy landowners. If this be so, the excellency of the Devons, which is quite equal, if not superior, to that of the shorthorns, furnishes even a more gratifying proof of the skill and success with which cattle-breeding is pursued in England. The Herefordshire breed, like the Devons, come almost wholly from the county which gives its name to them, and from those which border on it, and the exhibitors of this class also are to a great extent farmers. The red and white body and white face of the Herefords is a characteristic of the breed almost as universal as is the dark red colour of the Devons. There were rather more specimens of this breed than of the other, but the two together did not come up to the number exhibited of shorthorns. The other classes of English cattle were the longhorned — which come chiefly from the Midland counties, and of which brindle or brindle and white are common colours — the Sussex, and the Norfolk and Suffolk polled or hornless cattle, which two classes are mostly dark red. We should notice along with English cattle the well-known Alderneys, which are more distinguished for abundant yield of milk than for personal beauty, and the handsome breed of small black cattle which takes its name from the hundred of Castlemartin, in the most western part of Pembrokeshire. The merits of the Swiss cattle have been fully recognised in the awards of the judges and the offers of those who desired to become purchasers; but neither those nor any other of the foreign specimens had that striking external beauty which commanded attention to some of the English classes.

We have dwelt at some length upon the merits of the horses and large cattle exhibited at Battersea, but we do not profess to be capable of becoming enthusiastic about sheep or pigs. The Merino sheep with all his wool on, and a good deal of dirt besides, is an object which, if we did not know the estimation in which he is held, we should almost venture to call disgusting. Neither is a boar, fattened to the point which seems to be thought handsome — that is, till his belly nearly touches the ground — able to please anybody except breeders and pork-butchers, and those who love to deal with them. The largest boar in the show was probably, next to the blood-horse Ellington, the most popular animal exhibited. The poor brute must have had a sad time of it, considering how painful it was to him to stand up and how difficult to lie down, and how often he was compelled to rise from his straw bed for the gratification of the curious. The fact that he weighed 11½ cwt. seemed to impress the crowd with vast respect for him; and certainly it is a proof of his capacity to become progenitor of a line of pigs whose bacon and hams would be on the very largest scale of magnitude. He had an ugly pair of tusks which, happily, his fat sides and pendant belly would greatly disable him from using vigorously. In figure, he was not unlike a small and very fat bull. Perhaps the sight which, next to this boar, was most frequented was a pen of Shetland ponies with long rough hair and about the size of large dogs. We could not help wondering whether the whole batch of them would weigh as much as a single Clydesdale stallion.

HANDEL FESTIVAL.

ATTER the first performance of *Judas Maccabaeus*, the Duke of Cumberland is said to have told Handel — "Handel, you ought to have armies for your chorus, artillery for your orchestra, and Salisbury Plain for your concert-room." What the Royal Duke meant as an exaggerated description of the effect of Handel's music has been almost literally realized at Sydenham. We mentioned last week the comfort with which we can enjoy music at the Crystal Palace, but whether these prodigious meetings advance the cause of art is open to grave question. The music of the present day has already a too decided leaning towards noise, and we are often deafened into accepting what is really poor and meagre for something clever and imposing. A certain imposing effect must always be the result of the employment of a great body of sound, however poorly or inartistically used; and hence there is a great temptation to musicians writing for large masses of performers, to neglect skilful and careful composition — which it is nearly certain will escape notice when given in such buildings and under such circumstances as are found at Sydenham — for the more exciting and palpable results which can be attained by noisy and common-place expedients. Already we complain that the art of singing is decaying, and that vocal grace and facility are fast disappearing; and certainly the method of stopping such a downward career will not be found by encouraging singers to study how they

may make themselves audible to an audience of twenty thousand, upon all of whom, except those in the immediate neighbourhood of the singer, all delicacy of execution is completely thrown away, and who will soon come to care for nothing but the veriest shouting. Public taste acts so strongly upon singers and composers, in directing the course into which their talents are to flow, that it is of great importance that the rage for monster festivals should be confined within narrow limits, and that the evils inevitably attendant upon them should be recognised and guarded against. This was seen in Handel's own day, and he was accused of having "broached another kind of music, more full, more grand (as his admirers are pleased to call it), and, to make the noise the greater, caused it to be performed by at least double the number of voices and instruments that ever were heard in the theatre before." This was said of an orchestra and chorus which probably did not exceed four hundred. We have now reached four thousand. It cannot be too strongly insisted on that armies of brass instruments, and drums which almost require machinery to beat them, are no substitutes for delicate execution and expressive singing.

We have been led to these remarks, not from any wish to depreciate the performances at the Crystal Palace, which were excellent, and in certain particulars unique, presenting effects unattainable elsewhere, but from a desire that they should be considered exceptional entertainments — entertainments only to be given occasionally, and which should form no standard or model for imitation. Above all, they should be restricted to the music of Handel, for which alone these stupendous orchestras are adapted. The attempt has been made to extend the experiment to other works, as Haydn's *Creation* and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, but without success. If, however, the public ear becomes accustomed to nothing but such colossal performances, it may consider anything on a less gigantic scale as tame and spiritless; and the caterers to the public taste will be compelled to apply the same method to works utterly unsuited for such treatment. "Modern ears," says a devoted admirer of Handel, "have acquired larger appetites than ancient ones. They are even too fond of noise, which delights children and savages." Meetings like these, held every three years, may be made both interesting and useful; but there is a fear that they may become too common to be anything but prejudicial to the public taste and destructive of the best interests of music. While, however, thus protesting against the growth of a notion that no performance of Handel's Oratorios can be worth anything unless undertaken on a similar scale to the Sydenham performances, it must be allowed that these Festivals have had the merit of securing for Handel's greatest work, the *Israel in Egypt*, an attention which it had never obtained before; and the result of the presentation of that Oratorio in 1857, again in 1859, and now in the present year, has been to establish it in the same estimation with the general public as it had long held in the smaller circle of scientific musicians. Certainly, for double choruses, the immense space at Sydenham affords conveniences unknown elsewhere. Each chorus, from the distance which separates them, comes out with perfect distinctness, and the reply of one upon the other produces the effect intended by the composer, but so difficult to be attained anywhere else. The third part of the "Selection" on the second day of the Festival, and the whole of the *Israel*, given on Friday, were marvels of precision in eight-part singing. The first double chorus on Wednesday was taken from *Detorah*, "Immortal Lord of earth and skies." This chorus will bear comparison with any of those in the more known oratorios. The fifteen bars before the second subject, on the words "To swift perdition," is introduced, are surpassingly majestic, and were given with great force and dignity. In the second subject, we have an instance of Handel's imitative power. Not once is an ascending scale given to the words "To swift perdition" — always are we carried down from the upper note on which the phrase commences. The concluding part of this very fine chorus, "O grant a leader to our hosts," is quite as grand as the setting of similar words in the *Judas Maccabaeus*. The selection from *Solomon* included what is called the Passion music, comprising the magnificent double chorus, "From the censor," and the choruses descriptive of the power of music. These were all admirably given — especially the plaintive chorus, "Draw the tear from hopeless love." The chorus with which the selection from *Solomon* concluded, "Praise the Lord with harp and tongue," is one of those bursts of jubilant adoration of which only Handel seems to have the secret. In all his Oratorios, one, and sometimes two, are to be found — each different, and yet each resembling the rest in the wonderful power they exert over the feelings of the listeners. The "Hallelujah" is certainly the finest instance of this effect, but all the others seem, in the words of M. Schlescher, to realize "the dreams of these heavenly songs which glorify the majesty of Jehovah." "See the conquering hero," one of the few pieces of Handel which have made any impression in France, formed a worthy conclusion to one of the most admirable selections from Handel's music ever performed.

As, however, in 1859, so on the present occasion, the great feature of the Festival was the performance of the *Israel*. Just one hundred and twenty years has it taken to place this Oratorio upon its proper pedestal. When first produced, it was but coldly received, and could obtain but three hearings. After Handel's death, it was never performed as he intended until about ten or twelve years ago. Before that time, it was always thought necessary to interpolate airs and duets taken at random from his other works. A

curious list might be made of the pieces which have at different times been pressed head and shoulders into the service of this Oratorio. It never, however, succeeded under this treatment; and although some performances at Exeter Hall by the Sacred Harmonic Society, under Mr. Costa, had directed attention to the great dignity and majesty of the work, it was reserved for the performance at Sydenham in 1857, followed by the far finer execution of the same Oratorio in 1859, to convince the public of its surpassing excellence. It is now as much looked for in any great performance of Handel's works as the *Messiah*, and has, besides, the advantage that, while it is not so hackneyed, it will bear greater familiarity, without any sense of satiety, than its now more universally known rival. For a meeting such as that at the Crystal Palace, the *Israel* has further this great advantage over every other Oratorio—that the solo singers are of quite secondary importance. In the first part, there are but two recitatives and one air, and in the second, two duets and two airs form the only opportunities for the principal vocalists. The whole interest is concentrated upon the chain of choruses which picture in such vivid colours the deliverance of the children of Israel by the terrible "plagues of Egypt," and their songs of triumph when that deliverance has been accomplished. A finer performance of these magnificent choruses than that at Sydenham has certainly never yet been heard. The constant practice of the London division of the enormous chorus, forming rather more than one half of the whole body of vocalists, has had its effect in securing wonderful accuracy of intonation in the very difficult passages which occur in the choruses of the first part. The opening chorus, with its long notes upon the word "sighed," was given with a pathos that at once interested the listeners in the sufferings of the Israelites. Equally good was the next, "They loathed to drink." Perfection, absolute perfection—in so difficult a chorus as this, cannot be expected from three thousand voices, but the slips were very few, and the general result was most satisfactory. As a means of expressing the idea conveyed by the words, nothing can be finer than this chorus. We shudder as the music proceeds, and can hardly get the taste of blood out of our mouths. The solo, "Their land brought forth frogs," although extremely well sung by Madame Sainton Dolby, is swallowed up and lost in the midst of such colossal choruses. The two choruses which follow this air are further examples of Handel's imitative powers in music. The accompaniment to "He spake the word" is plainly meant to suggest the buzzing and swarming of flies; and in the famous "Hailstone" chorus the Orchestra depicts the heavy thud of the falling hail. This produces one of the grandest effects in the first part of the work. The shout of "fire" by each chorus in turn is electrical. There was, however, a shade of indecision on Friday at this passage, which was unaccountable, as the rest of the chorus was given to perfection, and the singers quite recovered themselves in that wonderful descriptive passage in which the basses have a running phrase while the other voices mark the beginning of each bar with a staccato chord on the word "fire." This chorus has always been popular, even before the Oratorio obtained general acceptance; and the audience, therefore, felt bound to *encore* the movement. But we think several other of the choruses were equally well done, and the execution of some, perhaps, even better deserved the compliment. After the excitement of this chorus, the succeeding one in slow time, "He sent a thick darkness," is quite a relief. The harmony in this is not so full, the voices being scattered after the opening phrase; but each point was taken up with the greatest care. Most admirable, too, was the execution of "But as for his people," with its triumphant close, "There was not one feeble person among their tribes." The difficult chorus, "He led them through the deep," should have been steadier to give it due effect; but the next, "The waters overwhelmed," was admirable. The upper A of the trebles rung through the building with astonishing vigour; and, indeed, the precision of attack by the whole chorus gave the idea that we were listening to four gigantic voices in quartett; instead of to the crowd that filled the Orchestra, so true and precise was the sound. With great breadth and weight, too, did they give the final chorus of the first part. In the second part, we have never heard "The horse and his rider" given with such enthusiasm; the florid divisions even came out with marvellous distinctness, considering the nature of the building. The two choruses, "The depths have covered them" and "Thy right hand," afford opportunities of exhibiting delicacy of singing and vigour of delivery, and both opportunities were seized upon on Friday. The former was delivered with a most delicious *sotto voce*, and the latter with immense energy. The word "dashed" was insisted upon almost to the point of exaggeration. What, however, pleased us the most in this part was the single chorus, "And with the blast." The execution of this piece was perfect, and the music itself, how wonderful! No one who has not heard it can imagine the effect produced by the iteration of the single note G for five bars by the basses alone, upon the words, "and the depths were congealed." We have never been able to discover how such simple means are so powerful in the result. The Orchestra does not assist—it is playing the same note; but there it is—every one perceives it—though no one can explain why it should be of such marvellous power. How admirable too was "The people shall hear." After the full chorus in "The inhabitants of Canaan," the piano passages allotted to the single parts, on the words "shall melt away," so wonderfully expressive, were beautifully given. The final chorus, "The horse and his rider," was sung with equal vigour as at the opening of this part, and dismissed the audience |

in a high state of excitement. The solos, as we have already said, play but a second part in this Oratorio. Exception must, however, be made for Mr. Sims Reeves, whose singing of "The Enemy said" excited an enthusiasm which rendered its repetition inevitable. The popular duett for two basses, "The Lord is a Man of War," would also have been thankfully heard again had Signor Belletti and Mr. Weiss responded to the wishes of a large portion of the audience. Mdlle. Titiens was unfortunate in having to sing so soon after "The enemy said," as the audience were exhausted by the energy of our great tenor, beside whom her efforts sounded weak. She gave, however, the opening of the final chorus most admirably.

Without departing from the remarks at the commencement of this article, we may well be proud of such a musical meeting as that at Sydenham. No other country could, we think, bring together so large a body of musicians capable of executing such music as has been done there; and, if kept within due limits, and applied to music which will bear such large—we had almost said coarse—treatment, will be of considerable good. It has, at all events, secured us a performance of the *Israel* which we might have looked for in vain without some such exciting stimulant. All we fear is that these monster meetings may become the rule, and not exceptional and rare entertainments. We have said nothing of Mr. Costa, because without him it is hardly possible such a Festival could take place. To his untiring energy and wonderful skill as a conductor the main share of the success belongs. The arrangements, both for the chorus and for the audience, were such as ought to rescue us from the charge of being unable to manage and organize great crowds. Few other countries, if any, could have brought down 20,000 people, and seated them, before one o'clock, with no personal restraint or annoyance. We do not know how far the Festival has been a success from a pecuniary point of view, but we trust the Directors have received sufficient encouragement to induce them to repeat these meetings, as they at present propose, in 1865.

REVIEWS.

LITERATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

IT is now six years since the first volume of M. Hettner's work [was published †, in which was announced the plan of an undertaking somewhat ambitious, it must be admitted, but which, so far as it has yet gone, has—and with justice—been very favourably received. The object of the writer was to present a picture of the literature of the eighteenth century. His first difficulty lay in the choice of method in the treatment of his subject. The same branch of intellectual history had been explained and illustrated with considerable brilliancy by M. Villemain, but perhaps without as much breadth of view as might have been looked for from so distinguished a teacher. But M. Villemain was lecturing to young Frenchmen, and it seems rather to have been his aim to trace the development of French intellect and the influence of France upon Europe, than to follow the simultaneous progress of the nations of Western Europe. He always seems to assume that at every period France was the intellectual centre of Europe, and that England and Germany were deeply indebted to her for whatever progress they may have achieved in philosophy and literature. Yet M. Villemain had a very large knowledge of English literature and politics, and it might have been expected that his learning and his critical faculty would have modified his excessive patriotism. A view so obviously one-sided as that contained in his well-known lectures lessens the value of considerable erudition and of criticism often very happily expressed, and one can only lament that an eminent professor should be betrayed into such partiality. It is idle for the historian or the critic to labour to exalt one country at the expense of another. In politics, in literature, and in art, France has never yet exercised the despotic influence which some of her writers are disposed to claim for her. She has filled, and always will fill, a great part in European society, but it is too much for her professors to ask us to admit that we are as much indebted to our neighbour in philosophy and literature as we undoubtedly are in the sciences of costume and gastronomy. M. Hettner, in dealing with his subject, has wisely abstained from adopting a method so unphilosophical as that of M. Villemain. His view is that, to write the history of the literature of the eighteenth century, it is sufficient to examine and analyse the intellectual progress of England, France, and Germany. For, notwithstanding some brilliant exceptions, such as Filicaia, Beccaria, Filangieri, and Campomanes, and Pombal, who contrasted so strangely with the helpless apathy of the societies in which they lived, the Italian and the Spanish peninsulas exercised scarcely any perceptible influence on the intellectual movement of Europe. France represented alone the mind of the Romanized races, whilst England and Germany were the champions of Teutonic civilization. Yet it is impossible to say that any one of them was independent of the others. Literature and science were rapidly becoming European. Each country in its turn gave or received an impulse which blessed

* *Literaturgeschichte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von Hermann Hettner. In drei Theilen. Zweiter Theil. Die französische Literatur im achtzehnten Jahrhundert. Braunschweig. 1860.

† See *Saturday Review*, August 2, 1856.

both the giver and the taker. There might be a short-lived supremacy in one of the three countries, but it was more apparent than real, for the intellectual achievements of any one of them were quickly made known and soon fructified in the others. This, it may be believed, must always be the case between civilized societies. A permanent intellectual despotism of any one country would, since the Reformation abolished the spiritual one, be the greatest conceivable curse to humanity, and, it is to be hoped, is an impossibility.

M. Hettner, therefore, proposed to examine *seriatim* the literature of these three countries, to point out the connexion which existed between them all, and to mark the epochs in which the intellectual advance of one branch of the European family stimulated or directed the progress of the others. With this view, he began with the history of English literature, because, from the establishment of civil liberty, and the rapid progress achieved in science, the spirit of the new age found its first expression in England. The first volume is devoted to this branch of the subject, and, in spite of some obvious faults, such as a somewhat exaggerated estimate of the value and influence of the Deistical writers, Toland and Collins, it is a very valuable book. The second part presents the development of French literature, and the effect it has had on other European nations. The third, of which as yet but one instalment has appeared, is the history of German literature.

If literature in England was to a great degree moulded by the political condition of the society in which it flourished, this was still more the case in France. In England, after the Revolution of 1688, the secure enjoyment of civil liberty was preeminently favourable to the spontaneous activity of the English mind. Science and literature thrrove, not fostered by royal patronage, but owing to the spirit of free inquiry that ever accompanies political freedom. The disposition to imitate French models, which had prevailed during the last years of the Stuart dynasty, gradually disappeared, and a manly and healthy tone became the distinguishing mark of English literature. In France, on the other hand, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the despotism of Louis XIV., which, in its early days, had charmed the imagination of France by its splendid magnificence, had at length become intolerably odious, and exercised a baneful influence on literature. On this subject we quote M. Hettner's remarks :—

The reign of Louis XIV., which began so gloriously, ended in a manner that could not have been looked for. The last years of his rule shook to its lowest foundations the proud edifice of his monarchy. It may be said that this result was due to accidental causes, and that it was the increasing illness of the King which led him to place himself in the power of the clever, but crafty and cold-hearted saint, Madame de Maintenon. But why should one poor sinful mortal presume to undertake the part of Divine Providence for a great kingdom, and indeed for the whole civilized world? The true reason lies far deeper. The tragedy of Louis XIV. is the tragedy of absolutism. The same principle which had given Louis greatness and power caused them both gradually to decline. That which in the King's view was intended to strengthen and extend the unity and power of the State and the monarchy, only weakened and destroyed them.

Disputes and conflicts with the Church occupied a large part of his life. The King was sincerely, and in his later years ostentatiously, devoted to the Catholic faith. This Catholic tendency became more conspicuous as the King and the whole body of the French clergy became convinced that, after the fall of Italy and Spain, France was the natural head of Catholic Christendom. Unfortunately for the unity of the State, the priesthood looked beyond France to Rome for its centre of gravity, and it was not to be expected that so determined an aristocrat as Louis XIV. would tolerate an independent Church or a State within a State. The King, therefore, endeavoured, as well by his foreign policy as by the limitations which he enforced upon the Church at home, to break down the Papal supremacy.

The King flattered himself for a time that he had realized the idea of an independent national Gallican Church. The next step was to make it a united Church free from all heresy and schism. *Un roi, une loi, une foi.* It led to the cruel persecution and extirpation of the Huguenots by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and it led to the not less violent suppression of the Jansenists, who became more odious to him as he fell more and more under the power of the Jesuits. It seemed for a moment that the King had conquered, but in truth he had experienced a telling defeat. The banishment of the Huguenots seriously affected trade and industry; the foreign policy of the King was encountered and checked by the indignant opposition of the Protestant Powers. The persecuted Jansenists met with the sympathy of all those who in the midst of universal oppression had the courage to range themselves on the side of freedom of thought and resistance to authority. The signal was given for treating the royal commands with contempt, or for disputing their validity; the attitude of the Parliaments became more obstinate. The King could not boast that the four celebrated articles of the Gallican Church had been successfully maintained for any length of time. As early as 1693 Innocent XII., encouraged and supported by the great Powers that were combined against Louis, felt himself strong enough to retaliate. The greater part of the prelates who had taken part in the assembly of 1682 were obliged to beg humbly for pardon before the throne of the Pope, and the King himself, though he neither cancelled nor modified the articles, was constrained to permit a less rigorous enforcement of them. But his stern passion for persecution remained unchanged, or rather increased in activity.

The calamitous results of his uninterrupted wars were more quickly and more palpably made manifest. They undermined his power. Louis was not born a warrior. He never led his armies in the field. Nevertheless he sought and he loved war. It has been said that France can only be governed by fear and admiration — fear of the power of its master, and admiration of brilliant feats of arms which employ and surprise the opinion and feeling of the country. Louis, like Napoleon in a later age, had to resist the insurrectionary spirit of his people; like him, he endeavoured to divert to the advantage of the monarchy abroad forces which might have been wasted in intestine conflict at home. He was dazzled by his early successes. In January, 1683, he wrote to the Marquis de Villars, "The noblest and dearest occupation of Sovereigns is to extend the limits of their realms." He cherished the design of universal monarchy. Not content with being master of France, he wished to lord it over the world, or at least to obtain an undisputed preponderance.

Thus he was led into endless and devastating wars which for two generations disturbed and terrified the whole world. On the whole, notwithstanding the fluctuations and accident of war, France was clearly a gainer in the struggle. But the deep wounds which these wars inflicted on the country did not heal.— Vol. ii. p. 20.

There can be no question that the system of Louis XIV. gave a peculiar stamp to the literature of France during his reign. In his earlier years, the Court and Paris were crowded with the many race that had grown up during the wars of the Fronde; and all that was great and promising in France dated from a period earlier than the accession of the Grand Monarque. No writer has shown this more clearly than M. Cousin in his biographical sketches of the time of the Fronde. But as the courtly despotism of Louis gained in strength, the intellect of France lost in vigour and in power of expression. The greatest poets and the most eloquent churchmen were courtly and not national. There was no want of high cultivation and unbounded natural power, but Versailles was an uncongenial soil for the growth of a genuine and national literature. A splendid despotism had perverted or destroyed the true civilization of France. The lowest point of degradation was reached in the latter part of the reign of Louis and the regency of the Duke of Orleans. Literature and art were fallen from their high estate. There might be some exceptions — like the virtuous Fenelon and the eloquent Massillon — to the general corruption of the times, but the literature of that age abundantly shows the fatal effects of half a century of despotism. But, fortunately for France, the Regent and Louis XV. had not the power and ability to maintain a system of which the results had been so disastrous. After the death of Louis XIV. the struggle between free thought and authority began under favourable auspices; for though the prevailing powers were both unwilling and unable to do anything to mitigate the evils under which France was suffering, they no longer possessed the power to fetter literature, or to enlist it on their own side. Besides this, the cultivated French society which had submitted so long and so unwillingly to the sway of Louis XIV. was prepared for a signal reaction, so soon as the hand which had constrained it should be removed. There was, therefore, a field open for that literature which was destined to influence so largely the fate of France and Europe. French thinkers, wearied and despairing of what they saw around them, looked to England, and beheld a country enjoying the largest share of liberty that had ever yet fallen to the lot of a European monarchy. They saw that great progress had been achieved in science and in political philosophy. Above all, they watched with envy and anxiety the spirit of free inquiry which at that time inspired the literature of England.

It is, we apprehend, an incontestable fact, that the example of England contributed mainly to induce the new generation of writers in France to enter upon what M. Hettner designates the battle of enlightenment. That struggle began with Voltaire and Montesquieu and the Economists; it was continued by Diderot and the Encyclopedists; and Rousseau and his school bore a part in it. But it was far more important in its political than in its literary or philosophical aspect. In the absence of any other arena, the political conflict was carried on in books, in pamphlets, and in the salons. Lighter literature was not of much importance, and, with some few and brilliant exceptions, hardly deserved to be so. It was the political character of the literature of the age which gave it a real influence. The men of letters became the champions of liberty of thought and liberty of action. No doubt, in the conduct of their warfare, they were guilty of errors without number, but it is hardly just to say that, because they failed to reform an effete aristocracy and a corrupt priesthood, they are therefore responsible for the French revolution. That catastrophe could not have been foreseen by any human being. It would be unfair to lay it to the charge of those who battled at terrible odds against the intolerable tyranny and corruption that prevailed in France.

Thus, as we have seen, according to M. Hettner, the intellectual movement in France during the eighteenth century derived primarily its impulse from England, and was then rapidly directed against the still powerful despotism of the Church, and generally against authority as opposed to inquiry. He adds, moreover, which will hardly be disputed, that, considering the marvellous influence which the French writers of that age have had on the opinion of the world, they are comparatively deficient in force :—

The French literature of enlightenment has added little of importance to science. But few of these writers are original or possess the creative faculty. This is obvious to every one, and they themselves do not hesitate to avow that their views and opinions are for the most part borrowed from English inquirers and thinkers. Some of them are content to take the treasure, coin it into small change, and then put it into circulation; others, however, try to follow out and extend the principles which they have received, but rather contribute brilliant illustrations and suggestions than principles or trains of thought.—Vol. ii. p. 511.

It was, however, as M. Hettner well observes in a subsequent passage, the object of these writers to be essentially popular. That they succeeded in attaining. At the same time it must be remarked that during this period there was in literature very little that was artistic in form or in treatment. Much was accomplished in science, for in that domain free inquiry could not fail to be productive of great results. But what most marks the character of the French literature of the eighteenth century is the prolonged conflict between modern ideas and prescriptive authority — between the claims of antiquated despots and the rights of human societies. We have, we fear, given but an insufficient account of M. Hettner's very valuable work, but for the present

[July 5, 1862.]

we must be satisfied with showing the point of view from which he regards his subject, and the principles by which he explains the meaning and the tendency of the literature of France during a most important period.

GRAVENHURST.*

THE belief in metaphysics has still, it appears, its "two witnesses" who testify, in their sackcloth of austere and unyielding orthodoxy, in the ears of a positivist and inductive generation. If Mr. Mansel, learned and severely logical, proclaims it as his mission to revive the nearly extinct science, by hybridizing the effete realism of Reid and Stewart through a cross with the analytics of Kant, we have also Mr. Smith, more lax and discursive, no less faithfully bent on resuscitating the dying cult of ontology with all its sound and pomp of Absolute Being, Primary Ideas, the Great Final Cause, and similar idols of the mystic *a priori* Pantheon, in the name of Dr. Thomas Brown. Throwing scorn upon recent attempts to connect the philosophy of mind with that of matter through the medium of that common ground which physiology has been made to reveal, the author of *Thorndale* and *Gravenhurst* is hopeful of even now evolving the great idea of the universe, or the key to the mysteries of being, as the German sage developed the idea of a camel from the depths of man's introspective consciousness. "Starting from our primary conceptions of Substance, Power, and Relation, we are to end in some attempt to see the whole of this progressive scheme of Nature and Humanity in the manifestation of the Divine Idea." So we are to be swept off from what little of firm foothold we may have gained on the rock of experimental truth, and we are to be plunged anew into the dim and yeasty sea of metaphysical and ontological speculation. And when we have followed our eager and ingenuous, but illogical and rambling, guide through his course of self-sophistication—from its starting-point in enormous and undefined assumption to its close in hopeless tangle of words and bewilderment of mind—we ask, What have we gained by it all? Are we nearer the solution of one difficulty of abstract speculation? Have we settled one proposition among the practical problems of life? We leave our metaphysician and our ontologist at their solemn task of grinding over again the chaff of the scholastic hopper, thinking the unthinkable and determining the unconditional, with a lively recollection of the picture once drawn of the rival transcendentalists of Germany—"one milking the barren heifer, and the other holding the sieve!" It is only, however, towards the end of his book that the writer's metaphysical predilections are distinctly brought to view, though they will be found to have secretly coloured his entire system of ideas, and to supply the only conceivable clue to their origin or meaning. The greater portion of the work is devoted to abstract problems of ethics—the doctrine of final causes as applied to good and evil, pleasure and pain. These chapters, too loose and informal to bear the name of essays, can be called little more than the random musings of an amiable but not strongly-braced or far-reaching mind, in good humour with itself and things in general, and bent on seeing the wrinkles of doubt or complaint upon other brows smoothed out by complacent nostrums from the same philosophical medicine chest. Mr. Smith is, as he is careful to let us know, at once an optimist—or one who finds the world so pleasant that he wonders what business anybody has to find fault with its arrangements—and an eclectic, or one who saves himself trouble by picking up piecemeal any pretty or plausible thing that falls in with his mental exigencies of the moment, leaving to his reader or his critic the puzzle of reconciling them, or getting out of them any connected or intelligible purport. Having read a good many conflicting authorities, and jotted down half-formed and embryonic reflections of his own, till he had at hand a greater amount of moral material than he could well reduce to order, he seems to have thought it time to arrange the fragments under groups or headings of some sort. The argument that results is naturally not very close or consecutive. It may be epitomized, however, in more plain and popular style as follows, if we may take leave to interpolate somewhat of parody among the writer's own sentences:—

Chap. I.—There is a good deal of pain and painful emotion in the world. Some people are sick, others are hungry and thirsty, so and so gets burnt, and everybody, sooner or later, dies. And yet the world could not go on any other way. The world was meant to be happy, and so it is, if men only knew it. There's hunger. Everybody is hungry sometimes, and a good thing too. What's to become of a man without an appetite? It's pleasant to look back when you've had a good dinner, and pleasant to look forward when we expect a good one. "Hunger having been once gratified, there is a prospect of pleasure, as well as a present pain in the desire for food." That's better put, except about the pain. Who was it said he was glad to think they'd had muffins for tea? Stop, though, he wasn't hungry then, so perhaps he wasn't so happy after all. Another man, an alderman he was, going to the Lord Mayor's feast, offered a beggar a hundred pounds for his appetite. (How did I come not to mention that?) Which was the happy one, the beggar or the alderman? Where's my argument? Why, one is as happy as the other. We can't be all beggars or all aldermen. But there must be beggars. How

should we get on without aldermen, and how could aldermen get on, if they couldn't eat? I see a man there—a Lancashire lad, he calls himself—pulling a long face; he is "clemming," he says, under the cotton famine, and "of course makes his outcry against the miseries of life." But what a fine thing this is to prompt the energy of fortitude! It is the smart of an arm-pantation, which army surgeons tell us does the soldier so much more good than chloroform. Talk of sickness, too. There's a sick girl in that cottage. Why, it's a blessing to the whole village. Her scolding mother stops her sharp tongue, and the coarse miserly father loses money by going to fetch her primroses. Look at that tinker jogging along the road. He's positively singing under his load. How jolly it is to have next to nothing! A man can laugh before thieves, at all events. I had rather not be driven to laugh on that side of my mouth myself; but then I am not a tinker, and that is why I am happy as I am. "I and my lot are inseparable." So is everybody and his lot. One is made to suit the other, and therefore everybody is happy.

Chap. II.—It's quite clear, then, there must be always some pain in the world, because "what we call evil—pain of body and mind—is an inseparable part of this great whole of human life;" and so life could not be happy without it. But then there is "too much," some people complain. Of course, there would be no heroes, no poetry, no arts, no eloquence, if nobody suffered. But not "too much" of a good thing. Well, what would they wish? I suspect they want to suffer rather less, each in his own case. That's hardly fair. I call that a biased opinion. "How can man, the sufferer, trust himself to form any decision upon the degree in which pain and pleasure should be diffused over the whole world? How can he know that passions less violent, wants less painful, distresses less extensive, would have answered the purposes for which passion, want, and distress have been called in?" He knows this, that he should always give his judgement in favour of this *something less*." But you would not have every body alike. We should all go mad from sheer *ennui*. So if one man has too many passions and gets into trouble, another is cooler and helps to pull him through, and it all comes round in the end.

Chap. III.—"But moral evil is that necessary as well as physical evil? The world ought surely to be governed by reason and conscience? Why has it not been framed so?" Ah, here lies the very secret of human progress. "What has converted evil into moral evil is the elevation of other parts of our nature. No theorem in Euclid is more clear than this, that moral good and moral evil start into existence together." Suppose all men had "perfectly-balanced passions," or were "good by instinct," we should find it but slow and monotonous work. What room would there be for conscience, what for the development of our moral sentiments? "I am at a loss to conceive how, in such a state of things, where all would be equally obedient to the moral law, there could be any feeling of merit, any glow of virtue, any praise given or received." But why is evil punished? Not of course because it is evil. That would not be just, because evil did not make itself, and it is somebody else's fault that it is found in the world. Punishment is meant to mend and improve mankind, and punishment and evil and good all work together to this end. Which is better, or rather which is which? Perhaps each is only relative to the other on the whole. "There is no evil in the sum of things." The whole is good, and the whole is perfect, and the parts are essential to the whole.

Chap. IV.—The evils that exist, if we have left room for them to exist, are of two kinds. Some are remediable, like sickness, poverty, passion, and the like; and the remedy for these is progress. They do a great deal of good too in the process of being exterminated. You doubt about religious persecution. What business have you to interfere with any man's weakness or pleasure? "There is a toleration for the persecutor we have yet to learn." How about Philip II. and the Netherlanders? A representative of a great idea. Mustn't say anything against him. "How many did he shoot and drown and burn?" "Not one more than he was obliged" by the fanaticism of a great people, and the traditions of ages. And then those Dutchmen, brave fellows, didn't they really enjoy it?" Men are always happy when they are fighting, and it makes them braver and braver. And they need not stop digging, and sowing, and manufacturing, and marrying, and all that altogether; for then there might be nobody to go on fighting, and then how could they be happy? Besides, what should we have to read about? However, as men get better, they will be sure to give up fighting, and killing each other. "What, though, is to be done with our criminals? Is not the rogue, by the same law of completeness, indispensable to the sum of things; and has he not the same right to be indulged in his turn as the persecutor?" Certainly, but he must go through with the argument. If he pleads the law he must abide by the law, and the necessity of the case and antecedent fitness point to swinging as the proper end of rogues. "He may bring it to this pass, that the use of his existence is just to be hanged for an example!"

Chap. V.—But some evils are evidently beyond remedy. "We have our winter, and old age, and death, the inevitable." We shall never know everything, and ignorance is so tantalizing. Well, "what can't be cured"—the proverb disposes of that. Besides, without winter there would be no summer; and if people are to grow up they must prepare to grow down; and but for death there would be no reproduction. And poets make beautiful verses out of all these things. It is best as it is. "I point to it to

* *Gravenhurst; or, Thoughts on Good and Evil.* By William Smith, Author of "Thorndale," &c. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

show that this wholly irremediable is also the entirely indispensable."

Smooth and pleasant as this style of philosophizing may be thought, it tires the writer before he is quite satisfied that all is clear. Finding the set forms of technical dissertation too stiff and rigorous for an amateur, our metaphysician suddenly announces his resolve to escape from the turmoils of "didactic exposition," and indulge himself and his readers with the freer and more elastic process of imaginary conversations. A boon of countless price to loose and inconsecutive thinkers is this expedient of dialogue; albeit, like all games of double-dummy, fraught with more of facility to the player than of interest to the bystander. It imparts a certain air of connexion and design, where the writer is grappled for want of either. It enables him at will to lead up to his strong points, and change the play when the risk of exposing his weak ones becomes imminent. And then the glorious freedom from responsibility! Three interlocutors are at this point conjured up, among whom are dealt out the remaining snippets from our author's book of ethical commonplaces. Neither these personages nor their names have cost him much pains of invention or of individualization. The former are not less devoid of marked or novel characteristics than the latter are already trite through familiar wear. The chief conduct of the dialogue devolves upon the writer's shadow, "Sandford," in whose starched and sobered Platonism we seem to recognise the typical moral prodigy of our nursery days, expanded to the sage maturity of pattern priggishness. General Mansfield, a retired Indian veteran of distinction, widowed and childless after a union of romantic origin but short-lived happiness, has devoted the principal hours of his remaining years to the parental care of an orphan niece, Miss Newcome, and the erection of a tasteful villa in the little hamlet of Gravenhurst, under the shadow of the Welsh hills. His leisure moments are given to the dissipation of calm moralistic prose, in alternate strophes of which the three friends delight to muddle themselves over problems of Good and Evil, the Many and the One, the Absolute, the Beautiful, and similar abstractions in emphatic capitals. Among this triad, as far as we can make out any specific notes of individuality, Sandford, optimist and eclectic, yet within destructive as a schoolman, and orthodox as a Dean of the Arches, is designed to balance the active, observant, matter-of-fact sense of the General, as well as the more imaginative, spasmodic, and often sceptical mood of the young lady. Ingenious, free-hearted, and energetic, as any other Miss Newcome of our acquaintance, cultivated in mind and unimpeachable in beauty, "Ada" is framed for a lot of felicity and usefulness, but for one melancholy defect, the result of some early misadventure — she is lame. On her flying Arabian, or in the repose of her tasty boudoir, a model of litho activity or symmetrical repose, her gait on foot is awkward, floundering, and broken. This cruel deformity has been inflicted by our artist upon his otherwise perfect model, in order partly to account for so young, lively, and lovable a girl shutting herself up to moralise early and late with two middle-aged single gentlemen — partly to excuse the absence of constitutional warmth which never betrays on the part of the bachelor admirer the faintest consciousness of the distinctive influences due to the contact of the sexes. "Mary, the lame girl," is too far out of the question to permit even the pretension of a flutter on either side. Philosophy becomes thus for all three a safe and neutral ground. To them enters, for a short interlude before the close of the talk, the nameless Vicar, learned and refined, whose highness and dryness, nurtured on no newer-fangled lore than that of "Butler, Cudworth, Barrow, or Bulguy," has not sufficed to screen him from the prying eyes of provincial heretic-catchers, on the score of neologian doctrine. This charge certainly surprises us the less when we listen to his exposition of original sin, for the behoof of his bucolic flock at Gravenhurst. The young lady, who worships the Laureate, has her pet heresy on the subject of eternal punishments, and gives utterance to a gush of feminine logic and eloquence on the happiness of loving in preference to being loved, leaves the rest behind in the march of modern scientific ideas; and whereas some scorn is thrown by the idealist Sandford upon the results of the physical theory of the "correlation of forces," stands boldly up for a unity of moral and cosmical laws, such as has often brought down upon many a real head the imputation of Hobbism, materialism, or worse ism: —

It is a curious thing to reflect upon, this individuality or personality. This *I myself* must, of course, in the first place, consist of my own soul and body, one or both of which have some distinctive power or temperament. But still, this self of mine, as *I know it*, is the result of these powers and temperaments acting and acted on through a long train of circumstances. I am what my past life has made me. I am the memories and the thoughts that have grown up here in Gravenhurst, and which could have grown up nowhere else. Being the product of my past life, I am prepared to live the present. So that, if a man has not been wrenching suddenly from one station to another — if the current of his life has not been violently broken — the past has always fitted him for the present. I find great comfort in this wide generalisation. I am my past life, and am therefore fitted for what lies before me. "Thank God!" says some good man to me, "that you were not born a savage. You might have been born a Fiji, or *Fijienne*, and been married to a man who, when he was tired of your society, would have baked you and eaten you." I hope I do thank God for my existence; but I could not have been a Fiji, or anything of the sort. There might have been one savage the more, and one Englishwoman the less, but that additional savage (I hope she would have been contented with her lot) would not have been *me*. — P. 132.

Assuredly not, Miss Ada, nor even "I!" But why, Mr. Smith, make your heroine halt as seriously in grammar as in limb? Not in this instance only have we noted an inexcusable slip in grammatical correctness. Such faults surprise us in a writer who, if

not equal to the severer and more sustained processes of scientific reasoning, can command a style in general refined, clear, sensible, and frequently picturesque. His volume will repay the perusal of those who like the diversion of playing, so to say, at philosophical games for love, with nothing to lose and nothing to gain. We have not learnt much, but we have not had our balance of belief heavily broken into. There is no harm to the mind in an hour or two of mild metaphysical gymnastics, though the muscular effort might have been applied to more substantial purpose. We have enjoyed a little gentle exertion, but we have been all the while on rocking-horses, and find ourselves not one inch nearer to any practical goal.

THE LATE DUKE OF RICHMOND.*

IT is a pity that the family of Lennox cannot furnish a moderate and sensible biographer for its late chief. We do not venture to assert that the book before us, which appears anonymously, is to be attributed to the identical pen which has made the name of Lennox as notorious for silly writing as is that of the Duke of Richmond for being the soldier's and the farmer's friend. But certainly we have met with many pages which are quite as unsuitable to the character of the simple and gallant Duke as they are similar to the too well-known style of his brother. If this book is not the work of Lord William Lennox, it at least proves that his peculiar talent for making both author and subject appear ridiculous is shared by some other relative or friend of the deceased Duke. Indeed, if Lord William Lennox is not the author of the book, one cannot help suspecting that the excellent Major Pendennis must have had a hand in it. There is a passage recounting how the Duke catechized the school-children of the West Hampnett Union, which forcibly recalls a description of another duke whose singing had "a doosid fine effect in the family pew" of the country church which that duke attended. It is to be hoped that some readers of this book will be better able than we are to appreciate the condescension of a Duke who, when nearly worn out with a fatiguing morning's business, would "enter into the pastimes" of his children, "take part in a game of romps," and "recount the adventures" of Robinson Crusoe to them. There is surely another touch of the worthy Major where it is stated that the Duke's studies as a young man "seem to have been of a higher class than works of fiction," because Larpent mentions that in 1812 he borrowed two volumes of Goldsmith from the then Lord March. The writer's opinion appears to be that the possessor of these two volumes must have been going in for a good deal of serious reading at the time he bought them. There is yet another passage, speaking of the "indiscriminate appreciation" of George IV. by his people, who "ignored his great kindness of heart and his magnificent benevolence," which certainly must have emanated from the same courtly pen. And there is yet another passage of which we will abridge part and extract the rest, in order that, not farmers only, to whom the book is dedicated, but other humble people also may have a peep into the inner sanctity of Goodwood House. The object of the passage is "to show the tact, good temper, and noble bearing of the Duke." A distinguished *artiste* who fancied she had been ill treated by a nobleman who was a guest at Goodwood during the races, drove to the house in search of him, and finding the door open entered the hall. Having entered the hall she turned to the left in the direction where she was likely to meet a servant. But if she had turned to the right she would have entered the drawing-room, and "the cream of English society would have been somewhat surprised by the apparition of a visitor in a morning dress." Fortunately for the proprieties of Goodwood this did not occur, but a footman met the lady, and, supposing her to be out of her senses, reported her appearance to his master. "The Duke did not lose a moment in joining the strange lady, and pointed out, in the most gentle, kind, and sensible manner, the breach of decorum of which she had been guilty." He persuaded her to return home, to sleep upon the matter, and to think about it calmly in the morning. "No one but a man conscious of the rectitude of his conduct and his moral purity, could have risked such an interview, which, we consider, reflects considerable credit on his Grace."

Of course a writer who feels so strongly the tremendous nature of the occasion when a female of histrionic associations, was very near walking in a morning dress into the drawing-room at Goodwood, will be at no loss to find other important passages in the life of the Duke of Richmond, wherein his conduct was in the highest degree creditable, and the results which flowed from it most momentous. A book which is composed upon the principle that rectitude of conduct and moral purity can alone prepare a man for the risk of speaking with an actress in his own hall, will evidently not be wanting in occasions where the subject of it may come out strong in the way of tact, eloquence, bravery, piety, or wisdom. It is said, for example, that King William IV. proposed to make the Duke of Richmond Premier. If this idea had been entertained by the Sovereign whom his people "indiscriminately appreciated," it might have been thought that the Duke's talent at persuading troublesome females to go home

* *Memoir of Charles Gordon Lennox, Fifth Duke of Richmond, K.G., P.C.*
London: Chapman & Hall. 1862.

[July 5, 1862.]

quietly to bed had recommended him to the Royal favour. It is said, again, that the Duke of Richmond made amusing speeches in the House of Lords, although the extracts given from his speeches are commonplace and tedious. In truth, the Duke was neither orator nor statesman, but just a fine old English gentleman, who had been a gallant soldier in his youth, and was a keen sportsman, a practical agriculturist, and a well-meaning but rather wrongheaded legislator in more advanced years. Let us turn over the leaves of this ambitious memoir of him, and endeavour to extract from it a modest and truthful sketch of what he was and what he did.

Charles, fifth Duke of Richmond, was educated at Westminster School. In July 1810, when about twenty years old, Lord March, as he was then called, joined the staff of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula. His military education might probably be summed up in the single word that he could ride. The Duke's notion of an aide-de-camp seems to have been a youth of good birth and a pretty fair judge of horse-flesh. For scientific attainments he does not appear to have cared one jot. One member of the Duke's "family" in Spain is spoken of in this book as "delighting all by his honourable turn of mind and the magnificent voice with which he is endowed." It might be thought that personal honour, although requisite in an officer, was not a special qualification for staff employment any more than a fine voice. But no doubt the Duke knew best. His *galops*, as the French call them, did his errands quickly, and the scientific departments were managed without their help. With occasional absences, Lord March served throughout the Spanish war. For a short time he quitted the staff to join that distinguished regiment, the Fifty-second Light Infantry, and in leading his company at the battle of Orthez he received a musket-ball in the chest, which he carried with him to his grave. He was present at the battle of Waterloo, as aide-de-camp to the Prince of Orange. When the war was over, he quitted the army, married, and settled down to the discharge of the duties of landlord, magistrate, and legislator, with a combination of honesty, industry, and good sense which it is much to be lamented that his biographer should have mistaken for higher and rarer qualities. He succeeded to the dukedom on the miserable death of his father, while Governor-General of Canada, from hydrophobia. The description of the father's sufferings from this terrible disease is simple, and therefore painfully affecting. The son, having taken his seat in the House of Lords, soon began to make a considerable figure there. He was often in conflict with his old chief, the Duke of Wellington, and, on the resignation of the Duke's Ministry, he became Postmaster-General in the Government which carried the Reform Bill. He quitted that Government at the same time as Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham. Afterwards he became a supporter of Sir Robert Peel, until the question of protection to native agriculture made him one of the most determined of his enemies. The Duke's opinions and his capacity as a statesman will be sufficiently indicated by an extract from a speech made by him in 1849. "I still think," said he, "that every constitutional means ought to be used to induce the Legislature to revise that step which, I say, has produced the greatest possible ruin to all classes of the people of this country." The step to which he referred was, of course, the repeal of the Corn-law. There was, however, a question which the Duke of Richmond made peculiarly his own, and upon which his perseverance and the goodness of his cause gained for him a signal triumph. This was the claim of the veterans of the great war to what is commonly called the Peninsular medal, but which was ultimately granted for other services besides the Spanish battles, and to sailors as well as soldiers. The soldiers of Salamanca and Vittoria deemed their triumphs equal or nearly equal to, and their toils immeasurably greater than, those of the short campaign of Waterloo. As the Duke of Richmond had served in all three of these great battles, he was selected with peculiar fitness to urge upon the nation that it ought to honour equally all who had won for it splendid victories, whether in Spain or Belgium, and whether over the lieutenants of Napoleon or over the Emperor himself. It was characteristic of the Duke of Wellington that he declined to assist and even opposed this claim, although he was very far from denying the value of the services of the army to which he owed his fame. But it may be suspected that he thought it a natural arrangement by which soldiers and regimental officers who had no particular connexions fought in the "cold shade;" and as he would have done his own duty without thinking of reward, so he assumed that all other Englishmen would do theirs. There was, of course, that difficulty of drawing the line which often tempts those in authority to decline to draw it; and, besides, the Duke had something of the feeling of another general, to whom is attributed the saying that "if things went on in this way, every one would be wanting to distinguish himself." But the principle which had been conceded after the Waterloo campaign was carried a great deal further by the grant of medals for the Chinese and Affghan wars. It was these latter precedents which made the claim of the Duke of Richmond's clients irresistible, and his advocacy also found support in the personal feelings of the Queen herself. An order for the issue of the medals was made in 1847, and four years afterwards, on the anniversary of the battle of Vittoria, the Duke of Richmond was presented with a testimonial purchased by a general subscription of the veterans whose just and moderate claims he had so zealously and effectually maintained. The dinner which took place on this occasion was a festival to which there can be found few parallels. The chairman of the occasion was Lord Saltoun, who, like the principal guest of the evening, bore

both the old and the new token of his country's gratitude. We ought to have mentioned, as part of the Duke of Richmond's connexion with the Waterloo campaign, that it was from his mother's house at Brussels that there came that "sound of revelry by night," amidst which the Duke of Wellington received the news of the French advance on Quatre Bras. The Duke's father appeared in plain clothes on the field of Waterloo, and was heard calling to the Enniskillens, when about to charge, "Now's your time."

The Duke's love of country pursuits and field sports made him an early and staunch supporter of the Agricultural Society, and induced him to put forth those exertions which raised the Goodwood race-meeting from a state of insignificance to one of grandeur. It may be doubted whether he ever cared for breeding race-horses as he did for Southdown sheep, to which he even sacrificed the deer in one of his parks. He did not own any famous horses, and he abhorred all betting which approached to gambling, but he contributed as much as any man of his time to encourage racing as the best means of maintaining the excellence of the English breed of horses. An old staff-officer of the Duke of Wellington must have known as well as any man the value of a good horse. He steadily exerted himself to promote fair and honourable dealing upon the Turf, and all who have enjoyed the delightful scenery and the splendid sport of Goodwood will gratefully remember him who did so much to make it what it is. All that was great and celebrated in England, or that came to her from other countries, shared in the hospitality of Goodwood. There is a curious story of the Duke of York, when on a visit there, asking some questions about a pair of pistols which had been used by the previous Duke of Richmond when he fought a duel with his Royal Highness. Such a story as this is all very well, but we did not want to know the colours of the Duke's liveries nor the fashion of the carriages which bore his guests to the race-course. There are writers who could make even these details attractive, but the writer of this book only exhibits his own snobbishness by dwelling on them. Even Major Pendennis would be above this sort of talk, which is only suitable to Jeames in the Servants' Hall. Alas, that a noble and gallant gentleman can only find a snob to write his history!

HOW TO WIN OUR WORKERS.*

EVERY genuine experience of the habits and feelings of the working classes has its value. The book before us is one of the smallest, and its second-hand conclusions are not always valuable; but so far as it gives even a meagre and partial insight into the life of manufacturing towns, it is curious and interesting. Social life among the labouring classes, whether manufacturing or agricultural, is about as little known to most of us, and as unintelligible, as a cuneiform inscription—the difference being that in one case we know that we are in the dark, in the other we do not. For we have all read so much about "the poor" that we are excusable if we have never thought of probing the depth of our ignorance on such main points as their manners, system of morals, and habits of thought towards each other. Where there is no mutual understanding, there must be defective sympathy. This little book is an effort to bring distant classes nearer each other. It seems to say, the clergy cannot do it—it is not their office; the district visitor cannot; the schoolmaster cannot. The Sunday-school teacher—that all-powerful influence with some reformers—is not even mentioned. None of the workers enumerated can reach the social instincts, can get at the heart, and establish community of feeling on common topics by acting on the groundwork of a temporary equality. The authoress is the exponent of a modest but successful experiment, set on foot by a party of ladies, which has been carried on now for some years, in Leeds, to effect all this. It is sought to promote sympathy between different classes by means of a sewing-school on a large scale for "mill-girls"—a class more accessible, more open to new influences, than their fathers and mothers could be supposed to be. As a rule, all experiments answer that ladies try with proper zeal and will. The only mistake is that each in turn is put forth as the only universal and thoroughly successful one, and so the panacea which seemed to us all-powerful and infallible at the time we read of its success is a little thrown into the shade, and has so far something of a slur cast upon it, by its successor. We thought the thing had been done, and here is another scheme which assumes to start on new, untried ground, and to enter upon a crusade against vice, improvidence, and ignorance that had never been preached before. Perhaps the conclusion to come to is that the "masses" are not really permeated by any of them. In fact, as classes rise in social importance (as our working classes undoubtedly do), as they acquire a position and make a law and society for themselves, they almost necessarily become more inaccessible to external influence. They grow in a sense more sufficient for themselves, and the sympathy implied by mixing of classes becomes more difficult. Lady Bountifuls scarcely do in these days. The class they seek to befriend are not delighted with patronage, and on their side prescribe terms of intercourse. The wretchedly poor and abject, who from fault or misfortune drop out of the ranks of independent labour and form a class of themselves, are open to any form of benevolence; but we suspect the great working classes as a body become every day a firmer phalanx, not really impersimile or subject to change—or

* How to Win our Workers. By Mrs. Hyde. Macmillan.

rather, only to be changed through causes which go deeper than their "belters" can easily get at.

Something of all this is felt by our authoress. She is jealous for the independence and dignity of her scholars, and shows how occasional visitors from the South, accustomed to the manners of a subservient class bred on short wages and short commons, could make no way amongst the easy and freespoken factory girls of Yorkshire. Her views of instruction are purely pleasurable ones. Her plan is to teach through society in its accepted sense; indeed, her indulgence to the natural tastes of young people goes beyond what we should consider desirable were the experiment widely followed. The objection has already been made, and she has been "often asked with a sneer," what could gentlemen do in a sewing school? upon which she expresses a conviction that, without the influence of educated men as well as women, they could not have attained the same success, adding:—

There is a spirit of lawless resistance and bold defiance amongst large bodies of girls (of whatever class) which seldom manifests itself against the rule of the superior sex; but from which women are almost always compelled to defend themselves by a more frequent assertion of their weaker authority. This is in itself an evil in schools of any kind; to us it would have been particularly mischievous, as our rule could only be founded on the willing obedience of our pupils.

It is surely not sanctioned by experience that girls' schools generally cannot be managed without the aid of gentlemen. For our part, we have seen many a national schoolmistress fully equal to keep two hundred girls in order single-handed. However, we do not doubt the value of the co-operation of gentlemen in this case. But herein lies the difference between experiments and institutions. The one depend little on the machinery employed—the personal qualities of the conductors carry them successfully through; but once set an experiment fairly afloat, and leave it in the hands that must naturally work it out, and every defect of construction makes itself felt. We do not think it would answer, in the long run, for gentlemen to mix in the familiar manner recommended here with uneducated, free-spoken girls. The didactic spirit in young men—and they are most prompted to such undertakings—not seldom gets them into scrapes when exercised in this way, and, as a rule, we submit that the good which young men and women undoubtedly do one another is mainly where the rank is equal. The coolness and self-possession of young women of this class, which is a characteristic for which they are sometimes misjudged, is well and favourably brought out by Mrs. Hyde, but it suggests caution:—

One girls had a notion that strangers from London or the South would be somewhat "shamefaced" at coming among them, "not being used to mill-girls;" and such strangers were often surprised to find themselves treated as guests; the girls taking the part of entertainers, and starting subjects of conversation, as if to place them at their ease. To a gentleman who had for some time assisted in the school a girl remarked one evening, "Eh, Mr. —, ye've gotten used to us now, but ye wor shamefaced at first; I've many a time seen ye blush like any lass." Another night he was, from headache, less cheerful than usual; and on his shaking hands with the girls at parting, one said, "Well, Mr. —, I hope you'll be like yourself next school night, for ye've been nobbut dullish, and a bit cross too, now hav'n't ye?" But on his pleading illness the kindest regrets were expressed, with an apology for having pronounced him "a bit cross."

One of the equivalents, we often think, for the hardships of labouring life is the absence of restraint, of which this is an instance. We mean a certain independence—not of opinion, for the narrower the circle the more potent this is, but—the immunity from a whole class of warning, checking, subduing sensations, which hedge cultivation about. The child, boy or girl, who at eleven years old can walk out of its father's house and find work for itself, as many of them do, starts in life with sensations of liberty and equality which the boy who must hang on his father's hands for twice those years knows nothing of. He may get bullied and thumped when father or mother is in a passion, but he and they recognise him as one of the bread-winners, and in the main he does pretty much what he likes. The house door lets in the cold, perhaps, but it lets in the world as well, and floods of its knowledge, while the little gentleman is still immured in the nursery, purposely fixed at such an immeasurable distance from the hum, the stir, and intercourse of men. The young mechanic would find a change into its seclusion simply intolerable. And with girls, too, we cannot but suspect that the balance of mere wild enjoyment is on the side of the cottage in spite of all privations—the liberty of companionship, the unrestricted play and chatter, the early independence, the freedom from rules of manners and deportment, the initiation into every detail of life in their own sphere. It is not really strange, though Mrs. Hyde would have us think so, that "in general they are content with their lot in life," adducing the favourable testimony of one girl to this life of alternate liberty and labour—"If I could nobbut be sure of allus gettin' eight shillin' a week, I would not care to call t' Queen my cousin."

It is a constant wonder with persons who have to do with this class, that, in certain points, no intercourse with their superiors in rank refines their taste or alters their estimate of things. There is plenty in the early education of these young women, and the strong hold that the views of their own class on all subjects have on them from infancy, to account for this. It ought not, really, to be matter of regret that no external touch of gentility, such as the women of a class constantly acquire, even really gives them a distaste for marriage in their own order, and that early association carries it over all acquired graces. The kind mistress and the inquisitive children wonder and are aghast at the lout that their trim, well-spoken, and refined Ellen is content to spend her life with—a good fellow, probably, at bottom. Go and see

the said Ellen five years hence, and where is all the gloss gone to? Early education and habits of thought have asserted themselves over every superficial finish. The truth is, Ellen has all along been guided by views which the parlour knows nothing of. She naturally reverts, on subjects that affect her abiding place in the world, to quite another standard—thus teaching us how little the external polish of formal ceremonial intercourse can affect the inner springs of action. Higher views on such points as these must be of gradual growth from within a class; the teaching of superiors can do very little. Mrs. Hyde regrets

the light and thoughtless way in which our girls treat love and marriage, engaging themselves with little consideration or inquiry as to the characters of their lovers, and even when themselves suffering by the extravagance of a drunken father, seeming to accept such troubles as matters of course.

She is right in attributing this apathy to deficiency of romance and imagination—the natural want of minds from infancy immersed in the business of life:—

In a case which came within my own knowledge, a highly respectable woman, who was to be married the following day to a carpenter, with whom she had "kept company" for some time, excused her marriage in this way:—"Why, ma'am, really then I don't see how I could help it; he ha' been a courtin' like after me sich a time. Taint that I like him so much himself now, but when ye come to sit opposite a man at 'wittles' three times a day, I kinder think ye must come to love him at last." And another, a trusty and valued servant, coming up to say good-bye to her mistress on her wedding morning, replied in answer to wishes for her happiness: "Well, ma'am, there's only one thing much agin it that I know on; ye see I don't so vastly like the man himself."

Our authoress, strengthening her argument by a denunciatory heading to each chapter from Carlyle, expresses herself with warmth on the sins and omissions of our age. It is not reasonable to expect reformers to be candid. The evils they set themselves to counteract are so predominant in their imagination as necessarily to make them unfair towards all who do not appear equally alive to them. Otherwise, the ladies would have a right to complain that, in lamenting the degeneracy of our age, she compares the foolish women of our times with the picked and chosen wise women of a hundred years ago. She tells us how many waste their time now, and what good use Mrs. Delany made of hers—and so on. It is not really just to attribute all the folly of an age to the education of an age, for folly is a weed that no system can uproot. Nor is it reasonable to condemn the piano because many girls make no good use of it, for what good use do silly girls make of reading, writing, and arithmetic? We own to a little jealousy of the dead set made against the spread of the piano by those who would rouse women to a more energetic life of usefulness. The piano represents household domestic music; and for our part we believe young women are as well employed upon it as in assembling in masses to sing choruses and part-songs. Hundreds of thousands of hours may be wasted upon it, as they might still be wasted and misspent were every piano burnt. But in the meanwhile many a home is a happier one for its presence, many a family more united; and the knowledge and feeling for music, not as an "accomplishment," but an influence, is indefinitely increased, and bids fair to be an important civilizing and refining power with those compact, inaccessible classes whose interests this lady has so feelingly and intelligently at heart.

THE O-CHRISTIANS.*

WE have often thought that the projectors and friends of the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals might reasonably expand their sphere of usefulness. What are the wrongs of the brute creation to those which oppressed man endures? Lord Shaftesbury has done something by his Ten Hours Act; but factory children do not exhaust the sum of human wretchedness, and an Act for the relief of suffering typographical compositors is much needed. Why should any creature be compelled to print the Birmingham speeches of Mr. Bright, reports of Mr. Bellew's lectures, or such volume as *Miranda*? We can imagine no slavery so base as that of being compelled at the behests of a publisher to put into the immortality of type some of the productions of authorship. The only form in which we can recognise the lawfulness of strikes is in a combination of compositors. They ought to have some natural remedy against authors who are the enemies of the human race. No act of revolt would be unjustifiable against the hardship of setting up, and therefore of reading through, such a volume as *Miranda*.

To say that it is the production of a madman would not convey the truth about this extraordinary book, for its madness is of a very peculiar kind. No name of author appears, and that of the publisher reveals nothing. But never did a more ambitious appeal to mankind issue from the press. It is a new Revelation—another Gospel preached by the last and greatest Messiah. What *Miranda* announces is a new message from Heaven—simply a summons to all mankind to unite in a new religion, which, however, is not a new religion, but the combination of all existing religions; and this upon the faith of an actually existent and energizing Incarnation, or Avatar of Divinity. This message

* *Miranda*. A Book divided into Three Parts, entitled Souls, Numbers, Stars; on the Neo-Christian Religion. With Confirmations of the Old and New Doctrines of Christ, from Wonders hitherto unheeded in the Words and Divisions of the Bible; of the Facts and Dates of History; and in the Position and Motions of the Celestial Bodies. Vol. I., containing Parts I. and II. Printed and published by James Morgan, 48 Upper Marylebone-street, London.

[July 5, 1862.]

reconciles all tradition, revelation, inspiration, and every theology. It shows that every celebrity of the world is connected with some previous avatar of Deity. It purports to be one vast system of theosophy, cabballism, chronology. It reveals the coincidence of prophecy with its fulfilment, in which all history, sacred and profane, is reconciled with the facts of cosmogony, astronomy, astral influences, philology, and biography. If one could judge of the writer's mental and literary history, we should say that it was the work of one who had gone mad after an unintelligent study of such books as Gebelin's *Monde Primitif*, Ramsay's *Cyrus*, the works of Mr. Jacob Bryant, Mr. Gresswell's chronological works, all sorts of treatises on geology and unfulfilled prophecy, the Jewish Caballists, Jacob Boehmen, Swedenborg, M. Comte, the *Universal History*, fragments of Hindoo and Buddhist doctrine, the Spiritualists, and the *Book of Mormon*. It is undeniable that before the author's insanity culminated in this melancholy work, he must have read and read with the diseased appetite of a Magliabechi; and there are in his ravings even yet remains of a gentle religious spirit, and a belief in an overruling Providence. The result, however, is a book than which a wilder farrago of absurdity was never offered to the world.

It may be said that no service can be rendered to truth or literature by extracting from or attempting to analyse what is obviously the result of a diseased brain. And this is perfectly true; but apart from the melancholy spectacle of a mind destroyed by intellectual and literary debauchery, there is this value in the work — that it exhibits, after all, only a combination and exaggeration of particular crazes of recognised authorship. This man is mad upon every point on which his predecessors — often great men — have been mad singly. The minute philosophical and chronological coincidences of the school of Petavius, who calculate events a thousand or three thousand years ago to the accurate scale of half an hour — especially in their precise application to the records of Scriptural history and the assumptions of their prophetic fulfilment — are exactly paralleled by the author, or rather the hierophant, of *Miranda*. The new lights of the philosophy of history, who identify, in historic traditions, mental epochs and stages of civilization, and who materialize the necessary results of laws of progress and cyclical repetitions as moral phenomena which merely assume concrete form under the names of Homer or Semiramis, England or France, have set the example of a method of interpretation which this volume follows. Euhemerus and the school named after him investigated the theory of myths on the same principle; and the allegorizing divines, both of the Jewish and Christian churches, have not tampered with facts and the written letter of records more audaciously. M. Comte's theological positivism is not much wilder, nor Mr. Buckle's fatalism much more rigid, than what we find in this volume. All that can be said of *Miranda* is that it combines into an insane whole much of the special and scattered madness of criticism. Taken singly, the dissertations of Mr. Bryant, or of the Hutchinsonian divines, or of the interpreters of the number of the Beast, are not much more absurd.

The new religion, as we have said, is not new, for all the received books of all religions are, we are assured — and not for the first time assured — fragments of authentic truth. The Bible, the Vedas, the Homeric poems, the Eddas, the Koran, are equally true, but each has been tampered with. *Miranda* is revealed to give the occult sense, and its prophet is the authorized interpreter expressly commissioned by the Divinity. The *Kosmos*, according to *Miranda*, must be extremely curious; and we find in its description what the effects of the study of the microscope and the telescope, together with what may be found in mystical writers on the analogy of the microcosm and macrocosm, may be on a weak mind. All things, says the wise man, are double one against another, and therefore *Miranda* announces that in space, "at such an infinite distance that to express it with ordinary arithmetical figures the writing would occupy a line twenty miles long" — a reminiscence, by the way, of the fantastic exaggerations of the Indian philosophy —

there is a star whose diameter is not a finger's breadth larger than our sun, and that sun has planets and comets like those of this system . . . of which the earth has five parts the same as ours. There is also a Rome, a London, a Paris, &c.; all the cities, towns, and villages, inhabited by us. The very houses are the same; so are the animals, the trees, the stones. Reader, in that remote world there is a man of thy name, of thy age, with all thy moral and intellectual character, with thy own physical features . . . who, at the very moment that thou art reading this volume, thy namesake, too, is reading these very words in the same book, published there by another mysterious Man like me, even by my very Self existing there under the same form.

We here find, in what seems a mere tissue of insane raving, only what, in germ, are the speculations of Fontenelle and a recent writer, with sundry metaphysical discussions on the nature of the Infinite.

This modern Zaphnath Paaneah — the discoverer of secrets — has his scheme for reconciling the facts of mythology and revealed religion. His Trinity is the Egypto-Platonic-Christian one, and his theogony is a curious compound of Hinduism, Gnosticism, and M. Comte. There are forty-nine Incarnations of the Second Person of the Trinity. Forty-eight have taken place, but the forty-ninth is now living in a secret way in England, and we must, it is intimated, identify him with the author of *Miranda*. But under each separate Incarnation there are twelve subordinate Avatars — one of the Incarnation proper, and the other eleven of powerful spirits, the twelve Consentes of the Classical Mythology. The blasphemy, let us remark, is much the same as

M. Comte's. In tabular form they stand paired according to sex in this way: —

Greek.	Attribute.	Christian.
Zeus	{ The government of Heaven and Earth	Christ
Hera	{ Marriage	The Virgin Mary
Poseidon	{ Navigation	St. Peter
Hestia	{ The Hearth	St. Elizabeth
Hephaestos	{ Metals	St. Joseph
Aphrodite	{ Love	St. Mary Magdalene
Ares	{ War	St. John the Baptist
Athens	{ Science	St. Martha
Hermes	{ Commerce	St. Paul
Demeter	{ Agriculture	St. Mary, wife of Cleopas
Apollon	{ Poetry	St. John the Evangelist
Artemis	{ Hunting	St. Mary, sister of Lazarus

The incarnations are those of Adam I., Orion, Cepheus, Pan, Erinus, Canopus, Adam II., Bootes, Bel, Crisna, Osiris, Thoth, Manes, Jupiter, Trimegistus (*sic*), Osimandias, Adam III., Noah, Fohi, Semiramis, Minos, Sesostris, Hercules, Moses, Job, Sibylla, Homer, Romulus, Buddha, Pythagoras, Brutus, Confucius, Plato, Euclid, Archimedes, Caesar, Jesus Christ, Marcus Aurelius, Constantine, Mahomet, Charlemagne, Godfrey, Dante, Guttenberg, Raffaelle, Galileo, Newton, Washington. And of the forty-ninth incarnation the intimations are obscurely distinct. That incarnation took place on the 20th April, 1812; but though the present Incarnate "carries always and everywhere in his innermost nature the fountain-head of Divine Omniscience, yet his human mind is limited, and liable to error like that of other men. In his present life he had been in total ignorance of his mysterious antecedents till the 14th of September, 1853. He was brought up in the Roman Catholic religion;" which accounts for much of his hagiology.

It is not very clearly revealed what the last and living incarnation is to do; but he is to found a new body of believers who are to be called "O-Christians," to show that you believe in the re-appearance of Christ." He is not to work miracles, because one has already been worked — the publication, or revelation, of *Miranda*; and "the coincidences of chronology and history contained in its second and third parts are equivalent to millions of miracles." These coincidences are pursued with amazing diligence and minuteness of chronological inquiry; and the sum and substance of them is, that there are always corresponding epochs, and responsive periods, cycles, and epicycles of time, which all, like recurring decimals, point to the great culminating fact which took place on the 20th April, 1812, the birth of the forty-ninth incarnation. *Ea nova progenies calo demittitur alto* — the author of *Miranda*. The forty-ninth incarnation, revealed of course in the new Messiah's own forty-ninth year, forms the square of the mystical and sacred number of seven. All this, we are bound to say, is not much more extravagant than Dr. Cumming's *Great Tribulation*; and the culte and calendar of the new religion are very obviously borrowed from M. Comte.

Besides the forty-nine incarnations, the eleven Consentes, six of whom are females and five males, have assumed Avatars; and some of them we should hardly have expected to be sons of Heaven. They form lines of succession from the first Avatars mentioned in the table which we have extracted, and are generated, if that is the term, by metempsychosis. "Female names," we are informed, "are written with a simpler orthography, and invariably end in a." The groves of Blarney never presented so grotesque a Pantheon. Under the descendants of "Delia, in her higher capacity of saintly Pebe, wicked Hecate, and middling Diana," we find this odd collection of worthies — "Medea, Petrarch's Laura, Borgia, daughter of Pope Alexander VI., Enristova, author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*." If in the O-Christian Valhalla the ladies take with them the passions of earth, we should like to see Borgia and Enristova making small talk in the Elysian fields. Queen Victoria, it may be satisfactory to know, draws her descent from Andromache, Hector's wife, through the widow of Sarepta, and the Queen of Charlemagne; while Josephine, the late, and Eugenie, the present, Empress of France, although their spiritual ancestry mounts up to Venus herself, have, in a pre-existent state, taken flesh and frailty in such disreputable characters as Helen, Bathsheba, and Deianira. As to Jezebel, we are not surprised that the wicked spirit which originally got into so very uncomfortable a lodging has produced "Herodias, who demanded the Baptist's head; Frederica; Medicina (Catharine de Medicis); and Broga, who was nurse to the Prince of Wales, and in the year 1854 cut the throats of six of her own children."

We cannot let *Miranda* pass without a single specimen of its scriptural exegesis. The Book of Job prophesied *nominavit* the history of the *Great Eastern* steamship —

The great iron steamship launched under the name of *Leviathan*: it was constructed at the expense of a number of merchants, presided over by one of the name of Hope; but their society dissolved, their bold undertaking having proved a pecuniary failure . . . In the arduous operation of launching her a man was thrown up into the air and killed . . . The existence of this steam-vessel, the leading circumstances of pulling her down the inclined plane . . . her elegant form . . . her anchors taking hold of the muddy bottom . . . the snoring noise of the engines . . . the sparks leaping out of the chimneys, the boilers and the furnaces, the iron plates overlapping one another, the bolts which fasten her, the motions of the paddles and screw, are all distinctly pointed out in the Book of Job. "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with an hook? . . . shall they part him among the merchants? . . . Behold the Hope of him is in vain. . . . His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal. . . . They are joined one to another. . . . By

his neesings a light doth shine . . . out of his mouth . . . sparks of fire leap out . . . His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth . . . he spreadeth sharp-pointed things upon the mire. He maketh the deep to boil like a pot . . . he maketh a path to shine after him : one would think the deep to be hoary."

Considering that Dr. Cumming is a recognised preacher, and is accredited by the *Times*, and that Mr. Congreve not long since inaugurated a temple for M. Comte's worship at Wandsworth, and that Johanna Southcote is a fact of recent history, and that the *Quarterly Review* has adopted the Irish Revivals, and that hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of English Christians have accepted the *Book of Mormon* and the religion of Joe Smith, and that some forty or fifty years ago Mr. Taylor, the Platonist, sacrificed a ram to Jupiter in his back parlour at Walworth, we should not be at all surprised if Mr. Mann, the Registrar, had to chronicle in the next census of the English sects the "O-Christians" as an actual working religion. It is not the only, if the strangest, Neo-Christianity which we owe to this Nineteenth Century. Of course, it is possible that *Miranda* is, after all, only a sly joke and a burlesque of many of the religious and prophetic speculations of the day. If it is a hoax, we are bound to say that it is a remarkably clever one, and that the School of the Prophets, and the Disciplina Arcani, and the Positive Philosophy, have been very ingeniously, but not so very extravagantly, caricatured.

HISTORICAL FORGERIES.*

THE book before us is one which it is hard to see why anybody should have written. As a poor example of a bad class, it might hardly be worth mentioning at all, except that the class well deserves some little mention, while its badness is best shown by taking one of the worst examples. This *Tablette Booke of Ladie Mary Keyes* belongs to the class of sham history—a class to which we have the strongest possible objection. It professes to be the journal of Lady Mary Grey, afterwards Keyes, one of the younger sisters of the more famous Lady Jane. The Preface tells us that the journal was privately printed in the time of James the First, only a few copies being struck off, albeit "by one Robert Barker, Printer to the Kinges Most Excellent Majestie." We are not quite sure, by the way, about the formula "*one Robert Barker*" in a title-page. One of these copies "was discovered lately in the lumber-closet of an old country-house in Bucks, and given to the Editor in a most dilapidated condition, in the black letter, and not easy to be decyphered." The copy so found, "with the exception of a few trifling yet needful alterations, is now laid before the public, almost verbatim from the original."

Now really this is a very dull kind of fiction. We do not profess to know whether it is really meant to take people in, and certainly they must be very dull people who are taken in by it; but the direct opportunity of being taken in is there. In other cases, where the deception has been more cleverly attempted, as in the *Diary of Lady Willoughby*, by no means dull people have been taken in by it. But whether the thing is well or ill done makes no difference to the thing itself. If the author of *Ladie Mary Keyes' Tablette Booke* has not succeeded so well as some others of the same class, the defect is not at all in the will. To our thinking, this whole class of books is fairly open to the moral charge of dishonesty. They pass the limit between lawful fiction and unlawful falsehood. We all know the device of writing an historical romance and professing to have found it in an ancient manuscript, and the kindred device of writing such a romance in the character of some real or imaginary contemporary person. Both these devices have by this time become rather stale; but they are not open to any objection besides their staleness. Such a book is non-historical on the face of it. If anybody is taken in by its imaginary origin, it can only be by dint of a stupidity so dense that other people cannot fairly be made responsible for it. Dean Swift was not to be blamed for the dulness of the Irish Bishop who said there were some things in *Gulliver's Travels* which he really could not believe. In all cases of this sort the fictitious character of the book is so transparent as to absolve the writer from all suspicion of wishing to pass off his fiction as history. But in such books as the one now before us, the *prima facie* aspect of the thing is historical. We have not a romance, with manifestly fictitious conversations and some manifestly fictitious characters, but what professes to be the real journal of a real person, with an elaborate account of the discovery and publication of the said journal. To be sure, it is, in this particular case, so clumsily done that a person must be very dull to be taken in by it. But though only a dull person is likely to be taken in by this *Tablette Booke*, still he need not be a person of that extreme and perverse form of dulness which would be implied in taking a palpable romance for a history. The charity which believes all things, untempered by the spirit which proves all things, might naturally give the Preface credit for truth, and the book itself credit for genuineness. When the thing is more cleverly done, clever people may be deceived by it. We are sorry to use so ugly a word towards a person who most likely never meant to do anything of the kind; but we cannot disguise the fact that the writer of the *Tablette Booke of Ladie Mary Keyes* has been, whether consciously or unconsciously, guilty of the high crime of literary forgery.

Forgeries of this sort, executed from all kinds of motives, have been common in all ages. The vast number of spurious productions in Greek and Roman literature is familiar to every scholar.

* The *Tablette Booke of Ladie Mary Keyes, ouare Sister to the Misfortunate Ladie Jane Dudlie, &c. &c.* London : Saunders, Otley, & Co

Some, indeed, of these writings are not forgeries at all. They are spurious in no sense except that of having a wrong author's name commonly attached to them. Thus, several genuine speeches of other contemporary orators have come down to us with the name of Demosthenes attached to them. So, again, common readers constantly attribute all the Psalms to David, though we know that many, and suspect that many more, are the writings of other persons. In these cases, there is really no spuriousness, no forgery, at all. A genuine writing of one man is mistaken for a writing of another man, and no one is to blame but the careless transcriber or editor. In many cases, a man has often consciously put another man's name to his own writing without any evil intention. Teachers of rhetoric, for instance, have often composed, or caused their pupils to compose, dialogues, letters, or speeches in the names of distinguished authors. Now a dialogue carries its own antidote with it. Its dramatic form at once preserves it from being mistaken, by any but the dullest of men, for a real conversation between the persons who are introduced. But a speech or a letter is quite another thing. If cleverly done, it may easily be mistaken for a real production of the author whose name it bears. Here, then, is one class of strictly spurious writings, which still do not fairly entail any blame upon their writers. But from this class there is but an easy step to another, in which we get the first beginnings of real deception. A man wishes to attract special attention to what he has to say, and he attaches to it the name of some more distinguished man than himself, dead or alive. In the case of a living name, money has before now been known to be paid for leave so to use or abuse it. Here is direct forgery, but it does not necessarily prove anything against the matter of the book. Its style may be good, its facts may be trustworthy, its reasonings may be sound, its morality may be without flaw. To adopt Bishop Watson's distinction—though not genuine, it may be authentic. Most of the spurious writings of antiquity come under one or other of these two classes, and it is not always easy to see to which class any particular example ought to be referred. Take, for instance, the Apocryphal Book called the Wisdom of Solomon. It was most certainly not written by Solomon, but it is a very good book nevertheless. Whether the author really wished it to be taken for a real work of Solomon, or whether he merely put the name of Solomon to it dramatically, as Prior did to his poem of the same name, is a question very much harder to unravel.

From the last class of spurious writings we easily pass to forgeries written with a directly fraudulent aim. The class of instances which at once occurs to us is that of the systematic forgeries of the middle ages. Every mediaeval scholar is familiar with the wholesale manufacture of charters in those days. Forged documents were constantly put in as evidence in support of disputed claims. No doubt these forged charters were often produced by people who honestly believed them to be genuine; but still they were dishonestly forged in the first instance. But it does not always follow that the claims which the charters were forged to support were unjust claims. Probably they often were so; but the injustice of the claim is not at all necessarily to be inferred from the spuriousness of the document. Among the commotions and frequent fires of those days, documents were often lost or destroyed, and a monastery or other body was left with certain perfectly legal rights, but without the evidence by which those rights could be legally established if they were called in question. In such a case, it was not uncommon to put in a document professing to be the genuine charter, but which was really only its contents written down from memory. Such a forgery was palpably dishonest, but it might often be resorted to in support of claims which were perfectly honest. Of medieval forgeries, the most famous, and that on the vastest scale, was the great fabrication of the False Decretals, which for so many ages formed the main groundwork of the Papal dominion. One which has drawn to itself a good deal of attention lately is the pretended Histories of Crowland, which assume the names of Ingulf and Peter of Blois. The spuriousness of the charters was found out long ago; but the narrative was generally believed till it was first attacked some years back by Sir Francis Palgrave. Some people seem to believe in them still. Not only are they freely quoted by Thierry and Lappenberg, but they are far more unpardonable, because far more recently, appealed to without any apparent doubt by Mr. J. A. St. John.

The little specimen of historical forgery which we have taken as our text is not worthy of any detailed criticism. The archaism, especially in point of spelling, is ludicrously overdone, and at the same time the modernism is constantly peeping out. A poorer attempt at make-believe we never saw; but as it is prettily got up and prettily bound, we doubt not that a good many deluded people may have given and received it as an attractive gift-book, and have thought they were doing a little real historical work into the bargain.

UNDIGESTED SCIENCE.*

MR. THACKERAY declares that every poor Irishman in London has some poorer Irishman hanging on to him. In like manner, every bad writer has some still more incompetent writer living on the scanty crumbs which fall from the poor man's table. *Justice Shallow* has his admiring *Silence*. It is thus that books are multiplied. The active faculty of imitation moves men to reproduce the very things they have

* *The Science of Home Life.* By Albert J. Bernays. Allen & Co.

just seen done by others. *Jane Eyre* made governesses and ugly heroes the easy types for novelists who never knew a governess, and had never felt the heroism of ugly men; and the *Colleen Bawn* set the model for "sensation scenes" to writers who found it easy to imitate what they would never have invented.

Besides this active faculty of imitation, there is also the enterprising energy of paste and scissors. Science, having been made popular by men who were writers as well as investigators, presented a wide and varied field for the labour of those who were neither investigators nor writers. After reading the "Letters" of Liebig, several ambitious gentlemen suddenly found themselves capable of producing works on similar subjects to those treated by him. They did not profess to make any additions to Liebig. They had not the presumption to correct his errors, or to develop his principles in directions not opened by him. They did not find him obscure, and in want of a popular interpreter. They did not digest the facts and principles to be found in his work, and reproduce them under new and more attractive forms. Far from it. They simply copied, transposed, abridged, and blundered. What he had said clearly and accurately, they said over again, sometimes in his words, and sometimes in their own. Not to incur the penalties of the law, they smirched the faces of these stolen children, and dressed them up in rags found by the wayside.

The latest offender of this class is Mr. Bernays, in a work entitled the *Science of Home Life*, which we learn with surprise is based on the third edition of his *Household Chemistry*. It is a very bad book; yet, because it contains much useful information on topics of general interest—heat, the atmosphere, coal, soap, water, glass, china, metals, fermented liquors and food—it has found readers for two editions, and will probably find readers for a third. In saying that it is a bad book, we by no means intimate that the information it contains is not useful, and for the most part accurate. In these days of encyclopedias and scientific treatises, it must be a very clumsy pair of scissors that could not snip out an immense mass of useful information; and although it is rather hard upon those who have successfully written on these subjects, that numberless scissors should be employed in snipping out their paragraphs, and selling them again under attractive titles, still the reading public troubles itself little as to the origin of the material set before it, and if a book contains facts of interest, there are readers to purchase it. Our complaint is, that writers too often content themselves with compiling, instead of illustrating and expounding. Pretending to popularize Science, they collect together a mass of undigested material, and leave the reader to digest it if he can.

Mr. Bernays naively tells us that "the titles of the several chapters are imitated from Professor Liebig's *Chemistry of Food*; for, as far as I remember, I first thought of lectures under such titles after reading that beautiful work." Three things are noticeable in this sentence—first, that we are led to believe only the titles are imitated; secondly, that there is no "beautiful work" at all by Professor Liebig bearing that title, which renders comparison between Mr. Bernays and his predecessor difficult; and thirdly, that the reading of this beautiful work fired the ambition of Mr. Bernays, and made him clutch the scissors. Not that he has confined himself to snippings from Liebig. He has "naturally availed himself of the labours of his predecessors and contemporaries," and he candidly adds, "I have even gone so far as to make use of the very words of others, if I thought I could gain nothing in precision and clearness by employing expressions of my own." We beg him to understand that our objection is in no sense founded on the fact that he has been indebted to others, and even used their words, but that he has added nothing (except an occasional error) of his own. He has copied, and not reproduced, the work of his predecessors and contemporaries. He has not illumined it. He has not even given it a systematic form. Any one consulting the several chapters of the book, as they would consult an encyclopedia, will find in it much accurate information, conveyed in a plain dull style. But no one will gain scientific knowledge—no one will be strengthened by the book.

As it was Liebig's "beautiful work" on Food which inspired the present volume, let us turn to what Mr. Bernays has to say on this topic:—

The natural conditions of life are again of two kinds: material, including those substances which, being derived from the external world, enter into the composition of our bodies, viz., food, water, and oxygen; and dynamical, or the forces necessary to bring into play the vital activity, which also are three,—heat, light, and electricity. The difference between these two classes is well marked, and is worthy of observation. For the influence of the former on the vital activity is limited, and cannot be heightened by any mere increase of the supply. For example, the amount of food taken cannot, *ceteris paribus*, affect the activity of the vital power. An excess may accumulate, as fat, or may be got rid of in various ways, to the detriment of the organism, but it cannot add force to any of the organs.

Physiologists will learn, with no little surprise, that the amount of food cannot affect the activity of the vital power; and they will ask whence Mr. Bernays supposes the power to be derived, if not from the tissues made up from the food?

Very different is it with what we have called the dynamical conditions. They have a direct influence on the vital activity, which is increased by their energetic operation and *vise versa*: so that they create and regulate the demand for the material supplies. The distinction may be rendered more intelligible to the general reader by comparing the body to a steam-engine. The food of the steam-engine is water,—the force which enables the water to set it in motion is heat. No increase of water in the boiler will raise the power of the engine, but an augmentation of the heat will do so at once,

by consuming, and calling for, more of the engine's food,—in other words more water.

Are we to understand that heat and electricity are "forces" quite independent of the food and tissues? It would seem so from the illustration by which Mr. Bernays hopes to render himself "intelligible to the general reader." He calls water the food of the steam-engine, whereas water is not more the food than coal is; and the "heat" which is the force corresponding to vital activity, is generally supposed to be produced from the coal.

Not less surprising is his account of salt as an antiseptic:—

Antiseptics are substances which, entering into chemical combination with an organic body, so change its nature that it is no longer amenable to the ordinary external influences; in other words, they prevent its decomposition. Such substance is salt: which prevents the putrefaction of meat, for example, by combining with its albumen.

One who undertakes to write popular science might surely have known that the action of salt is not upon the albumen of the meat, but upon the fluids contained in the meat; and that it is by *withdrawing* this moisture, that salt prevents decomposition. But it is needless to cite examples of incompetence in a writer who has really no pretensions to rank above the many compilers of undigested science. We have only thought it worth while to protest against the whole class; and to point out to future aspirants the necessity of maturely considering, before rushing into print, whether they have anything to add to existing works, either in the way of discovery, criticism, systematic exposition, or popular interpretation. If not, perhaps it would be as well to leave existing works in possession of the field.

CONSTANCE MORDAUNT.*

THIS novel must certainly be the production of a prentice, and perhaps of a female hand. There are not many of the usual characteristics of a novel to be found in it, and there are other characteristics, which may be found in some books to be sure, but not often in successful novels. In fact, the author has evidently not quite made up his mind as to the final cause of a novel. Sometimes instruction appears to be the goal towards which he is tending—sometimes he relents sufficiently to devote a few pages to the more ordinary purpose of amusement. The result is unfortunate, in that neither class of readers is likely to be entirely satisfied. Those who simply wish to be amused will find that a considerable number of pages must be turned over before they find anything to amuse them; and those who are inspired with the more laudable taste for instruction will be tantalised by the instruction being proffered to them in small fragments only, and at capricious intervals. On the whole, it is perhaps best, before beginning a composition, to determine once for all what its precise object and aim shall be, and then, with singleness of purpose, to do one's best to attain that object. Supposing even that the selection is unfortunate, it will be hard indeed if some readers cannot be found to whom it will appear satisfactory; and, meanwhile, there is no chance of the cry of disappointment being raised by those luckless victims who have been beguiled into literature by hopes which prove to be without foundation. *Constance Mordaunt* is a novel in two volumes, and describes the early career of a young lady who divides her life fairly enough between St. Vincent—which is the scene of her birth and marriage—and England, where she is educated and eventually settled. The author clearly has it in view not only to exhibit to us the changeful features of a heroine's career, but to impart also many interesting facts regarding life and society as they were to be found either in the Windward or in the British Islands. He is for beguiling us into receiving instruction, and seduces us unawares into the jury-box. Geography, botany, facts of history, and the manners of periods and peoples, are introduced within the portals of the unwary mind under cover of the romantic fortunes of the heroine. On rising from the second volume, we feel that we are in some respects the better for our employment. The life and fortunes of Miss Mordaunt have been an illusion no doubt, and like an illusion they probably flit from our memory, but we know something more than we knew before. We know what sort of society existed at a certain time in the island of St. Vincent—how the negroes conversed with each other and with their respective masters—what the local features of the island were, and the nature of its productions—the system of young ladies' schools as conducted previous to the French Revolution, and its superiority in many respects to the system of our own days. We know all these things, or at least we accept them on the author's word, and we cannot say that we are the worse for knowing them; but what if they were hardly worth knowing? We refrain, however, from pressing this alternative, and only put the other. Was it well done to cram us with all this information under the pleasant pretext of narrating the private history of Miss C. Mordaunt? To envelope a powder in jam is very well on the hypothesis that a powder is necessary, but then necessity is the only thing that can justify the maternal conscience in its deceit. There was one contrivance, indeed, by which the author might have fulfilled his mission and effected both objects at once. The novel was to be in two volumes, and its writer had two points in view. Why should not one volume have been devoted to instruction, and the other to amusement? The business part might have been done first, and the pleasure part afterwards. Then the two volumes would have been filled; the double aspirations of the author would have been satisfied; the gentlemen might have

* *Constance Mordaunt; or, Life in the Western Archipelago.* Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1862.

studied the first volume, and the ladies the second, or *vice versa*, according as the sexes are distinct in taste. The author has neglected this obvious device, and the novel remains open to the objection which we have drawn. Instruction is very well, only we can perhaps do without it when we sit down to read a novel. Few things are more agreeable than amusement, only it ceases to be amusing if it insists upon instructing at the same time.

He who wishes to estimate the value of a given book would do well not to omit the introduction to it, if such there be. The introduction is often like the postscript of a lady's letter, and contains the essence of what was to be said. At the least it has served to arrange the writer's ideas, and probably represents his views and objects in the most condensed form possible. The introduction to *Constance Mordaunt* tells us that "the history of her early life and subsequent trials was communicated to the author by that lady herself," and that she furnished him at the same time with certain documentary evidence. Perhaps an author is never wise to claim credit for veracity in his compositions. Accidentally, a story may be as veracious as possible, but it is certain that it is unwise to insist on its being believed. A story, regarded only as a fiction, commonly meets with gentle treatment at the hands of its reader; but directly its veracity is insisted on, it is regarded from another point of view. Supposing that its details are unable to bear the microscope which the assertion of their veracity is sure to direct upon them, what are we to think of the author? Even if they bear the minutest scrutiny, it is questionable at the last whether anything has been gained by disturbing the good-humoured serenity of mind with which a reader addresses himself to the perusal of an unpretending fiction. It is a mistake to suppose that the interest is heightened by our belief in the real existence of the characters introduced. Interest is heightened or depressed according to the author's skill in surrounding his personages with the atmosphere of real life, but in no other way. Of course it is different where the characters represent well-known individuals who are not now exhibited for the first time as performers in the drama of the world. No doubt the novel of *Quentin Durward* gains in interest from the fact that Louis XI. was a real character. But that interest would not have been increased by Sir W. Scott telling us that *Quentin Durward* was as real a personage as Louis XI. So in this case, the interest of the story rises or sinks according to the author's skill in painting the portrait of his heroine in life-like colours; but it is far from being increased by his introductory assertion of her existence. Of course we are not sprinkling doubt on the asserted facts. There is no reason whatever in the novel for supposing the author's memory to have betrayed him. By all means let Constance Mordaunt have lived—if possible, let her even be alive at this moment; only she had much better have been a fiction. What we lay stress on is the imprudence of authors who mistake the true source of interest, and loudly clamour for belief in their veracity where anything but admiration for their skill should be considered beside the point. Constance flourished, in the proper sense of the term, before and about the period of the French Revolution; and it is easy to see that chronology admits of her having enjoyed the advantages of personal conversation with the present compiler of her life. The introduction goes on to say that, "in committing to paper the events of so eventful a life, the author has been tempted to enliven it with descriptions of manners and customs peculiar to the inhabitants of the Western Archipelago in bygone days." The question naturally suggests itself, from what source the gifted author derived his information regarding the manners and customs of those forgotten times. It is improbable that he had many opportunities of observing them in his own person; for, in spite of the development of modern science, the life of man is a limited quantity. And if Miss Mordaunt herself communicated them in her advanced days, her memory must have been singularly fresh and addicted to detail. We have, of course, no means of verifying this information, but we are bound to say that it seems very natural and probable, and it is certainly well conveyed. Life under its every-day conditions in St. Vincent is described with a ready and pleasant pen, and the strength of the author lies far more in these descriptions than in the development of the story or in the narrative of facts. The scenery is well and accurately painted, if accuracy may be inferred from minuteness and harmony of detail. The relations between slave and master look as if they had been contemplated too entirely from the optimist point of view, and as if a Mrs. Beecher Stowe might have had something to say on the other side. But here, again, we have no means of estimating the worth of the author's evidence, and meanwhile it is pleasant and satisfactory to believe that it was all as he says. He makes a slip, however, on one occasion, in our judgment. Mr. Mordaunt is a slave-owner, whose conscience consents to retain existing slaves on his estate, but objects to importing new ones by purchase. He is prevailed on, however, to purchase a fresh gang, and he brings them home. In a subsequent conversation with his wife, he reflects on the wrongs of one particular slave, and "turns away his head to hide a starting tear." We are inclined to believe that our author has accepted this fact on inadequate testimony, and has not made sufficient use of the canons of circumstantial evidence in examining it.

The story of the novel is so short that perhaps little injury will be done to the author by giving it in outline. The writer is far from obeying the Horatian precept of plunging at once in *medias res*. Great part of the first volume is devoted to the relations and *tête-à-tête* conversations of Mr. and Mrs. Mordaunt. Constance at length appears on the stage, preceded by a cousin, who

is equally admirable with herself, and who is only not as much the heroine of the story, because she is unlucky enough to marry earlier in its course. The two cousins are sent home to be educated at an English boarding-school, and transmitted to St. Vincent at the unexpected death of Mr. Mordaunt. The cousin marries almost immediately, and is certainly dealt with by the author far more indulgently than the real heroine. The French then take the island, and inundate the insular society with the attractive heroes of their first great revolution. The author naively confesses to having placed this historical fact "at a later date than that on which it actually took place"—a liberty which we have no objection whatever to forgive, since it appears that it was necessary to his story, and the heroine found a difficulty in marrying without it. A French officer, De Belcourt, of handsome exterior but of most indifferent morals, falls in love with Constance, and marries her out of hand. After a few months of her society he leaves the island and returns to Paris. The only information his wife receives of him is contained in an Act of Divorce, which he kindly forwards, and for obtaining which the irregularities of the Revolution present the author with a natural opportunity. Meanwhile, the reader discovers that Constance had never really loved her husband with more than a passing *tendresse*. Presently, the real Pygmalion appears in the person of a more legitimate suitor of English birth, Arthur Fanshawe, also a gentleman of captivating exterior, and happily of very superior character. Of course no novelist could permit his heroine to marry again simply on the strength of a French bill of divorce, and Constance is placed in a position of extreme difficulty, considering the impending termination of the book. She opportunely hears, however, of De Belcourt's death, and marries Mr. Fanshawe, just in time to be conducted to England and warmly welcomed by an amiable mother-in-law. The novel concludes by declining to give any details of a felicity the certainty and fulness of which must be obvious to the dullest elf that ever read Sir W. Scott's *Marmion*.

It will be seen from this slight sketch that the story, as a story, is perhaps flimsy. It is, in fact, without any pretensions except as a vehicle for imparting useful information. Judged from this point of view, it enables us to congratulate the author on his not being entirely unsuccessful, without at the same time inspiring us with an ardent thirst for another draught from the same fountain. If he has any other islands to describe, in the Western Archipelago or elsewhere, we can afford to saunter through another novel, subject, of course, to the conditions which we ventured to lay down above; but in our opinion he has exhausted the subject of St. Vincent, and perhaps the subject of English ladies' schools also. It is astonishing, we may remark by the way, with what enthusiasm this latter institution is described. Mrs. Everett *logitur*:

It's a world in miniature, where the virtues and failings of female nature are brought out, and at an age when they may be either strengthened or corrected, as need be. In these juvenile republics every one finds their level. It matters nothing a girl being noble, rich, or even talented; the chief distinction—in fact, the only one—universally acknowledged is that conferred by superior amiability of temper, character, and conduct. The young are extremely quicksighted. On detection of a fault, exposure and punishment follow at the heels of each other, and the offender undergoes the severest of all punishments to the young and vivacious—she is sent to Coventry!

"Come, come," said Mordaunt, "confess; did the girls not talk a great deal about sweethearts?"

"Not to my knowledge," answered Mrs. Everett, laughing heartily, "and had they done so it would have been but unmeaning babble."

It is pleasant to hear this satisfactory account of an institution which Miss Brontë had not prepared us to find so unexceptionable. Only, after reading this eulogium, we were somewhat surprised to find Constance and her cousin expressing disappointment at the personal appearance of Mr. Mordaunt when he comes to visit them after a long separation:

Laura confessed with her usual frankness that she had figured to herself "uncle a handsome young man;" and Constance thought "papa had been quite another sort of person."

The negroes depicted in this novel are amiable and delightful characters, but perhaps their language, as reproduced by the author, is not always intelligible. We present the following to Mr. Max Müller as a suggestive, though perplexing, illustration for the next edition of his *Science of Language*:

"Eh! eh! now tell me how dem pickney buckra do, for find 'pa! for go na bay? Who carry you na bay? Who you been hab deh? Wha you been da go deh?"

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IN his suggestive work on the history of novel-writing in classical antiquity, M. A. Chassang had already mentioned the celebrated philosopher Philostratus, and the biography or pseudobiography of Apollonius Tyaneus, which bears his name. He now considers separately that curious composition*, and makes it the subject of a volume likely to interest two classes of readers—namely, those who are fond of tracing the development and progress of metaphysical speculation, and those who want merely to become acquainted with the literary monuments of Greece. M. Chassang begins by an introduction in which he briefly discusses the works of Philostratus, and the character of his hero. At a time when Christianity was still the religion of the minority, and when the mysticism of Eastern philosophers, the polished taste of the last Platonists, and the powerful political

* *Apollonius de Tyane, sa Vie, &c.* Par Philostrate. Traduit du grec par A. Chassang. Paris: Didier.

[July 5, 1862.]

organization of the Roman empire had combined together for the purpose of crushing the new faith, Apollonius Tyaneus appeared during a short space as a dangerous adversary, and his name was the watchword of those who aimed at reconstructing the edifice of spiritualism upon another basis than that of the Gospel. Although he has long since sunk to a far humbler position, it is not unprofitable to study even such a book as the biography which Philostratus has left us; for we find in it an evidence of that love of the marvellous which has always been a leading feature of the human character, and we see how the opposition to Christianity manifested itself amongst the erudite portions of the heathen world. M. Chassang has added to his work a variety of very valuable notes, besides a carefully prepared analytical index, which is of great assistance in books of this description.

M. Amédée Thierry has, at the suggestion of some friends, detached from his *Histoire de la Gaule sous l'Administration Romaine*, the preface in which he stated his views on the action of Rome as a civilizing power. Recast, revised, very nearly rewritten, and certainly much enlarged, this preface is now published as a distinct work.* The importance of the ideas it embodies amply justifies the course which the author has been led to adopt; and it was better not to leave as a mere appendage to another work an essay containing new and interesting views on the policy and government of Rome—an essay which, in fact, challenges comparison with Montesquieu's well-known book. The volume we are now noticing deserves a separate appreciation, and all we can do here is to refer the reader to the conclusion forming the résumé of M. Amédée Thierry's ideas on the paramount character of Roman civilization. The learned author is, we believe, mistaken on a few salient points, as when he contends for the universality of the institutions and principles propagated by the conquerors of the world. The condition of modern Europe makes it quite clear that the reverse is rather the case.

A complete history of French medieval literature is still a desideratum, but every day brings forth new materials for the work, and, with the mass of information which we possess already, we wonder that no attempt should have yet been made to accomplish for the pre-Renaissance period what M. Nisard, to name only one writer, has done for the age of Louis XIV. Few men are better qualified than M. Moland to undertake such a task. He prefers, however, the duty of digging from the quarry the rough treasures which it contains to that of constructing the edifice itself; and his volume, entitled *Origines Littéraires de la France*†, is an inexhaustible répertoire of trustworthy details on the romances, the miracle-plays, and the sermons which amused or edified our forefathers during the space comprised between the tenth and the fourteenth centuries. As an evidence of the great change which has taken place within the last few years in the manner of estimating medieval literature, it is curious to compare M. Daunou's critical sketches, contributed to the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, with the impartial and soberly written reflections of M. Moland. Worshipping exclusively the *grand siècle*, considering that there is nothing beyond Racine and Boileau, M. Daunou evidently feels quite out of his element amidst the troubadours and the trouvères. The subtleties of scholastic doctors have no charm for him; the *Sirventes* or *Fabliaux* scarcely obtain a mention; and at the sight of the long list of obscure authors which swells the quarto of the Benedictine compilation, he feels inclined to exclaim, like Didier, the Lombard king, when he saw the long array of Charlemagne's army, "Heu! ferrum! quot ferrum!" M. Moland is less prejudiced. Mixed with all this iron he sees many a gold nugget, and he applies his energies to the separating of the precious metal from the ruder mass which nearly conceals it. The *Origines Littéraires* contain, amongst other interesting essays, a chapter on the romantic cycle of the Saint-Grail, one on the sermons of Maurice de Sully, and a remarkable disquisition in which the author compares some of the well-known mythological narratives of antiquity with the metrical imitations attempted by the contemporaries of Jean de Meung. An appendix of twelve extracts from unpublished MSS., or works of rare occurrence, illustrates M. Moland's arguments, and serves to give a very good idea of the whole range of French medieval lore.

George Sand's *Impressions Littéraires*‡ and her *Autour de la Table*§ complete, in a satisfactory manner, the already voluminous collection of this lady's works. It is impossible that so eminent a writer should not, even in her most trifling mélanges, produce something worth reading. The two volumes now before us are quite entitled to the praise which the editor's advertisement bestows upon them. They contain the eloquent *Lettres à Marcie*, which had for a long time been out of print, a few sketches of Balzac, Delatouche, and other contemporary novelists, a series of prefaces written by the author for the revised edition of her tales, and a variety of other fragments of the same description, originally published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, or the *Revue Indépendante*. The apologies which George Sand gives for her earlier productions, such as *Lelia*, *Valentine*, and *Indiana*, deserve to be read as pièces justificatives for the literary history of the nineteenth century. They remind us of the sensation caused by these famous novels when they first appeared; and as we compare what our impressions were then with the results of a second and more careful perusal, we see a further proof that, in the case of many works of imagination, popularity arises as much from the circum-

stances amidst which they were published as from the merit of the works themselves.

If the first compositions of George Sand may, strictly speaking, be considered as social or political pamphlets, it is no exaggeration to say that most of the books of travel published at the present day are amusing sketches in which fancy has at least as great a share as sober truth. M. Lucien Biart describes the marvels of Mexican society and the peculiarities of an enervating climate; but how can we be brought to believe, in spite of his assertions, that he has not drawn upon the resources of a fertile imagination for, at all events, some of the stirring episodes which his account of *La Terre Chaude* contains?* The campaign of General de Lorencez will assuredly give to M. Lucien Biart's volume the character of an *ouvrage de circonference*; and perhaps for the same cause M. Xavier Eyma's *La Vie dans le Nouveau Monde*† may reckon upon a large number of readers. For those fond of more adventurous expeditions, we have a duodecimo bearing the well-known name of Jules Gérard.‡ Is it not astonishing, exclaims the lion-slayer, that sportsmen should waste powder and shot in knocking down grouse, deer, and wild ducks, when, at a little expense, they can, throughout the Himalayan steppes, secure the greatest variety of game, besides all the excitement of ranging over a country relatively unknown? M. Jules Gérard's book is quite calculated to bring into life a Himalayan club as a rival to the one over which Mr. Galton presides; and the concluding chapter, written for sportsmen of the *Briggs calibre*, supplies every possible detail on rifles, guns, and other items belonging to the necessary habiliment of modern Nimrods.

The *Voyage à Madagascar*§ is a translation from Madame Ida Pfeiffer's work, and therefore does not fall exactly within our province. We may, however, notice it here, both on account of the merits of the translation, and also because the French editor, M. Francis Riaux, has prefixed to the volume an excellent historical notice about Madagascar, more especially with respect to the late events which have taken place there. Matter of fact prevails almost exclusively in Madame Pfeiffer's narrative.

M. Francis Wey adds to the qualities of a traveller those of a moralist; and the piquant reflections suggested to him by the scenes and characters that come under his notice remind us often of the happiest critiques of Montesquieu and Duclos. The idea of making an Englishman, Dick Moon, express his opinion on French manners and French institutions, is a very happy one, as it enables the author to give utterance to certain home truths which otherwise might not have been so readily accepted. *Dick Moon en France*|| is a book written with unusual talent, and we recommend it most cordially to the attention of our readers.

In order to complete our sketch of works on travels published during the last month, we must not forget an excellent addition to the famous Guides-Joanne, in the shape of M. Louis Piessé's hand-book for Algeria ¶, nor M. Elisée Reclus' *Londres Illustré*—a compact and portable volume, illustrated with maps, woodcuts, tables, plans, and all the other accessories indispensable to the French Dick Moons who are now crowding the neighbourhood of Brompton.**

With M. Biot we pass at once into quite a different atmosphere. The Essays which comprise the *Études sur l'Astronomie Indienne et Chinoise*†† were published in the *Journal des Savants*. They are reviews of different books on astronomical subjects, preceded by an introduction which points out the twofold use of such inquiries. In the first place, it is curious to search the records of antiquity for observations and calculations drawn up by mathematicians, and which, compared with the results obtained in modern times, may serve to correct those results or to verify their accuracy. The philosophy of history is further illustrated through the investigations to which we allude. As M. Biot aptly remarks, the character of the various nations of antiquity, their religious creed, their views of nature and of mankind, exhibit themselves unconsciously in the methods which their learned men employed for the study of astronomical phenomena; and the apparently futile details of a table of scientific observations will sometimes bring out in its true light the moral or political sympathies of a whole community. With the assistance of Messrs. Munk, Stanislas Julien, and other Oriental scholars, M. Biot has succeeded in explaining very fully the hitherto obscure question of astronomy amongst the Hindoos and the Chinese; and the interest attached to this volume makes us the more regret that his death should have deprived the Institute of France of so valuable a member.

Ouvrages de circonference still abound, and the affairs both of Italy and America engross as much as ever the attention of political writers. In publishing a free translation of Signor Farini's *Lo Stato Romano*††, M. Jules Amigues has pointed out what he conceives to be the terms of the great problem at present discussed on

* *La Terre Chaude, Scènes de Mœurs Mexicaines*. Par Lucien Biart. Paris: Jung-Treuttel.

† *La Vie dans le Nouveau Monde*. Par Xavier Eyma. Paris: Poulet-Malassis.

‡ *Voyages et Chasses dans l'Himalaya*. Par Jules Gérard. Paris: Michel Lévy.

§ *Voyage à Madagascar*. Par Madame Ida Pfeiffer; traduit de l'Allemand. Paris and London: Hachette.

|| *Dick Moon en France, Journal d'un Anglais à Paris*. Par Francis Wey. Paris and London: Hachette.

¶ *Itinéraire Historique et Descriptif de l'Algérie, &c.* Par Louis Piessé. Paris and London: Hachette.

** *Londres Illustré*. Par Elisée Reclus. Paris and London: Hachette.

†† *Études sur l'Astronomie Indienne et Chinoise*. Par J. B. Biot. Paris: Lévy.

§ *L'État Romain depuis 1815 jusqu'à nos Jours*. Par Jules Amigues. Paris: Dentu.

* *Tableau de l'Empire Romain*. Par M. Amédée Thierry. Paris: Didier.

† *Origines Littéraires de la France*. Par Louis Moland. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Impressions Littéraires*. Par George Sand. Paris: Jung-Treuttel.

§ *Autour de la Table*. Par George Sand. Paris: Jung-Treuttel.

the other side of the Alps. He has aimed particularly at publishing together all the official documents and State papers calculated to illustrate in its several details the history of Italy from the year 1815, and he has connected these evidences by a short summary which reproduces, with slight modifications, the rest of Signor Farini's volume. The current idea of a political rearrangement of the European nations forms the topic of Count Terenzio Mamiani's work, translated into French by M. Léonce Lehmann*, after having been placed within reach of the English public through the medium of a version printed some three years ago. It is not, therefore, necessary that we should speak here in detail of so well-known a volume. We shall only say that the distinguished statesman who on two different occasions filled the important post of Minister of the Papal Court, was perhaps the best qualified to point out the defects inherent in that system, and to show the futility of imposing upon a whole community a government which it detests.

Count Agénor de Gasparin, formerly member of the Chamber of Deputies under the reign of Louis Philippe, is a thorough Liberal, and at the same time a most uncompromising Protestant. In his mind, these two epithets are indissolubly associated. No true Liberalism, he thinks, can exist unless it is leavened by the spirit of Christianity; and, on the other side, no code of doctrines deserves to be called Christian which encourages oppression, or even merely winks at it. From these premises M. de Gasparin has deduced, to his own satisfaction, the views expounded in his new book on America.† The author begins by asserting that the true question at issue is not whether the Southern States had a right to secede, and whether the demands of President Lincoln's Government were exaggerated or unfair. Is slavery to continue, or is it doomed? Are the traders in human flesh to be allowed to carry on their business or not? M. de Gasparin decides for the negative, and pleads the cause of abolition with abundant energy and eloquence. His volume is divided into six chapters, the second being specially intended as a comment on the attitude of the English Government, and as a demonstration of the following proposition:—England is unfair when it visits upon President Lincoln and his Cabinet the impertinence, the animosity, and the ill-will of those who preceded him in the administration of the United States.

M. Mortimer Ternaix's second volume † seems almost richer than the first in original and unpublished documents; and the great historical event which these documents serve to illustrate—the sacking of the Tuilleries on the famous 10th of August—is told in the most graphic manner. It is no longer between the Royalists and the Constitutionalists that the unfortunate King hesitates, but between the latter and the republican members of the Gironde. Destitute of energy except when called upon to suffer personally, allowing himself to be guided by the events and exigencies of the day, Louis XVI. never made up his mind until it was too late; and M. Mortimer Ternaix remarks judiciously that, in times of revolution, the most dangerous course is not to provide for the future. "Events," he says, "generally turn to the profit of the bold against the timid, because the bold prepare events, whilst the timid have to submit to them (*les subissent*)."⁵ His want of decision was partly the result of the utter anarchy which prevailed throughout the country, and it is the only possible explanation we can give of the success obtained by the Revolutionists on August 10. For we must bear in mind that, even amongst the metropolitan districts considered as the most decidedly opposed to the King, there was very little inclination to begin the attack, and a few well-conceived measures on the part of the Royalists, under the direction of an experienced leader, would have probably stopped at once the efforts of Santerre and his comrades. The odious character of Pethion, the undue power of the Clubs, and the true origin of that horde of cut-throats known by the name of *Les Marsellais*, are interestingly explained in this curious volume.

Who would have supposed forty years ago that a day was coming when a Frenchman would unhesitatingly write the apology—we had almost said the panegyric—of William Pitt—*ce Pitt*, as the members of the Jacobin Club used to call him? And yet such is the case.⁵ By way of preface to a translation of Lord Stanhope's last work, M. Guizot has given a very good estimate both of the political relation in which England stands to France, and also of the character of the great British statesman. He conclusively shows that Pitt was positively opposed to a war with France, and did all he could to prevent the inevitable catastrophe.

We must not conclude without mentioning some of the numberless novels and tales which lie accumulated on our table. For those readers who prefer M. Feydeau's school, there is *La Griffe Rose*—that is to say, a woman's paw, red with the blood of a man whose heart it has torn to pieces. The book is written in the most pretentious style, and the only match for the wickedness of the heroine is the silliness of the hero. If anyone prefers downright romances with intricate plots, extraordinary adventures, and highly-wrought episodes, let him turn to *Les Trabucayres*,

* *Des Traitées de 1815, et d'un nouveau Droit Européen*. Par Terenzio Mamiani; traduit par Léonce Lehmann. Paris: Dentu.

† *L'Amérique devant l'Europe; Principes et Intérêts*. Par le Comte Agénor de Gasparin. Paris: Michel Lévy.

‡ *Histoire de la Terreur*. Par M. Mortimer Ternaix. Vol. II. Paris: Lévy.

§ *William Pitt et son Temps*. Par Lord Stanhope. Traduit de l'Anglais. Préféré d'une Introduction. Par M. Guizot. 2 vols. Paris: Lévy.

¶ *La Griffe Rose*. Paris: Jung-Treuttel.

Trabucayres, or to Elie Berthet's *Bête du Gévaudan*.† This last-named work especially betrays the hand of an experienced novelist; and, if it is remarkable neither for depth of observation nor for originality of thought, it is at any rate well written, and the plot is very artistically constructed. M. Paul Perret has described, in *Dame Fortune*, the character of a lady who, after sacrificing most generously her fortune in order to expiate the sins of an uncle who had made her his heiress, finds every one misconstruing her purpose, and hating her for the disinterestedness she has so nobly proved. The petty act of revenge which Madeleine is guilty of spoils the conclusion of the book, and is extremely unnatural. The title-page of M. Max Valrey's new volume of tales bears a most piteous exclamation—*Ces Paupières Femmes!* § These "poor dears" are two in number. The first, Hermine, whom we have already met in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is a simpleton who allows herself to be treated in the most cruel manner by her family. The second, Madame de Lirvans, dupes everybody by her hypocrisy, and, despite the scandal of a disorderly life, she is considered amongst her friends as perfection itself. She is a *pauvre femme* in the same sense as Tartuffe was *un pauvre homme*.

* *Les Trabucayres*. Par D. Saint-Yves, et Octave Féret. Paris: Jung-Treuttel.

† *La Bête du Gévaudan*. Par Elie Berthet. Paris and London: Hachette.

‡ *Dame Fortune*. Par Paul Perret. Paris: Jung-Treuttel.

§ *Ces Paupières Femmes*. Par Max Valrey. Paris: Lévy.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

CONTENTS OF NO. 349, JULY 5, 1862.—

The Marriage of Princess Alice. The Legitimists at Lucerne. America. Ministerial Mudmarks. France and Mexico. The Ballot. Prize Shooting. Mazinian's Manifesto. Amateur Generals.

Political Impunity. Drawing-room Fortifications.

Doctor Newman. A Diagnosis of Dow-agers. The Financial Reform Association.

Answers to Advertisements.

Military Positions in America. The Foreign Pictures at the Exhibition.

The Agricultural Exhibition. The Handel Festival.

Literature of the Eighteenth Century.

Gravenhurst. The Late Duke of Richmond. How to Win Our Workers. The O-Correlations. Historical Forgeries. Undigested Science. Constance Martindale. French Literature.

A MATEUR DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE, ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 4.—An AMATEUR DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE IN AID OF THE FUNDS FOR THE RELIEF OF THE POOR DISTRESS IN LANCASTER-HIKE, will be given at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, July 4, under most distinguished patronage. Committee: the Earl of S. John, Sir Charles Russell, Bart., J. C. O'Dowd, Esq.; Honorary Secretary, Mr. R. B. Hall. To commence at 8 o'clock, and to end at 10.30. After which the "WATERMAN", to conclude with "BETSY BAKER". The price of admission will be of the Italian Opera. Application for tickets and places to be made at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street, W.

ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Vining. On Monday and during the Week, "UNDER THE RIDGE," the new Comedy, "FRIENDS OR FOES"; Miss G. Vining, F. Matthes, Stephen, Mrs. Beaman, Mrs. E. Matthews, and Miss Herbert; "PRINCE AMAHEL, or, the Fairy Roses"; the Misses Nelson, &c. Commence at half-past 7.

MUSICAL UNION.—LAST MATINÉE, Tuesday, July 8, at half-past 2. Quartet in C. Mozart; trio in E flat, op. 70, Beethoven; quartet in E minor, Mendelssohn. Solos, violin and piano. Artists—Jaschinski, Miss Blagrove, and Platti. Visitors' admissions to be had of Cramer & Co., Chappell & Co., Olivier & Co., Ashdown & Parry, and Austin, at St. James's Hall.

J. ELIA. Director, 18 Hanover Square.

PHTILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—JUBILEE CONCERT, St. James's Hall, Monday Evening, July 14, at 8 o'clock.—The Directors have the gratification to announce that Mme. Lind-Goldscheider and Möller. Tickets have kindly consented to sing, assisted by Mr. Stanley, Mrs. Anderson (Pianoforte), her last public performances, and Herr Jaschinski (Violoncello). 5/- tickets given gratis to non-subscribers. Stalls, Balcony or Box, 2/-; Balcony or Box reserved, 10/-; Gallery, 2/-; Box reserved, 10/-; Unreserved Seats, 6/-; Box reserved, 12/-; Box reserved, 15/-; Box reserved, 18/-; Box reserved, 20/-; Box reserved, 25/-; Box reserved, 30/-; Box reserved, 35/-; Box reserved, 40/-; Box reserved, 45/-; Box reserved, 50/-; Box reserved, 55/-; Box reserved, 60/-; Box reserved, 65/-; Box reserved, 70/-; Box reserved, 75/-; Box reserved, 80/-; Box reserved, 85/-; Box reserved, 90/-; Box reserved, 95/-; Box reserved, 100/-; Box reserved, 105/-; Box reserved, 110/-; Box reserved, 115/-; Box reserved, 120/-; Box reserved, 125/-; Box reserved, 130/-; Box reserved, 135/-; Box reserved, 140/-; Box reserved, 145/-; Box reserved, 150/-; Box reserved, 155/-; Box reserved, 160/-; Box reserved, 165/-; Box reserved, 170/-; Box reserved, 175/-; Box reserved, 180/-; Box reserved, 185/-; Box reserved, 190/-; Box reserved, 195/-; Box reserved, 200/-; Box reserved, 205/-; Box reserved, 210/-; Box reserved, 215/-; 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[July 5, 1862.]

ROSA BONHEUR'S celebrated PICTURES, the HORSE SHEPHERD, SHELLAND PONIES and SKYE TERRIER, on VIEW at the Gallery, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall. Admission, One Shilling.

FRITH'S NEW PICTURE, "The RAILWAY STATION," is now on View Daily to the Public at the Fine Art Gallery, 7 Haymarket, next door to the Theatre, between the hours of 11 and 6 p.m. Admission, One Shilling.

O. G. REJLANDER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO (for PORTRAITS and ART STUDIES), 5 Haymarket.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR in the EAST.—The Photographic Pictures of the many remarkable and interesting Places in the Holy Land, Egy. pt. &c. &c., made by Mr. Francis Bedford during the Tour in which, by command, he accompanied His Royal Highness, will, by special permission graciously accorded, be Exhibited and Published shortly. Prospectuses may be had of the publishers, Day & Son, Lithographers to the Queen, 6 Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

EDITOR Wanted for the *Kendal Mercury* Newspaper (Liberal). State qualifications for, and experience in, Reporting, Editing, Printing, and Managing a Paper, to the Proprietors of the *Kendal Mercury*, Kendal.

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IMPERIAL HOTEL, Great Malvern.—The Public is respectfully informed that the IMPERIAL HOTEL will be OPENED in July for the Reception of Visitors. The tariff will be so arranged that families and gentlemen may engage suites of apartments, and the same may be had either in the hotel, or in the numerous villas and houses near it, for their meals privately or at the table of the hotel, breakfast, tea, and supper. A wholesale wine and spirit establishment for the sale of wines and beverages of the highest class will be attached to the hotel. Warm, cold, vapour, douche, running sitz, and shower baths, will be obtainable at all times in the hotel, a portion of which is set apart for these baths. A covered way will conduct the visitors direct from the railway platform to the hotel.

GEORGE CURTIS, Manager.

HOSPITAL for CONSUMPTION and DISEASES of the CHEST, Brompton, S.W.—The Funds of this Charity having been severely taxed by the unusually heavy expenses of the past winter (during which the number of beds was increased to 210), the Committee earnestly invite the continued Attention of Friends.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Secy.

HENRY DOBBIN, Secy.

HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM.—**SUDBROOK PARK,** Richmond Hill, Surrey.—Physician, Dr. E. W. LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. The TURKISH BATHS are on the premises, under Dr. Lane's medical direction. Consultations at the City Turkish and Hydropathic Baths, 5 South Street, Finsbury, every Tuesday and Friday, between 1 and 4.

UNIVERSITY of ST. ANDREWS.—Notice is hereby given, that the LAST EXAMINATIONS for the Degree of Doctor of Medicine under the present Regulations, will commence on Monday, September 25, and on Wednesday, December 12.

On these two occasions, Fellows and Members of the Royal Colleges of Surgeons of England, Edinburgh, and Dublin, of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, and Licentiates of the London Apothecaries' Company, are eligible for examination.

All Candidates are required to present themselves to Dr. Day, the Professor of Medicine, fourteen days before the period of examination, and to present themselves to the Secretary for Registration on or before Saturday, September 27, and Tuesday, December 16.

By order of the Senatus Academicus,

JAMES McBEAN, M.A., Secretary.

St. Andrews, July 1, 1862.

UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL ASSOCIATION (Limited).—This Association, entirely conducted by Graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, SUPPLIES masters of schools and heads of families with Tutors from those Universities. For particulars apply at the offices of the Company, No. 9 Pall Mall East, S.W. Office hours from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

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REV. J. H. SHARPLES, M.A.

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